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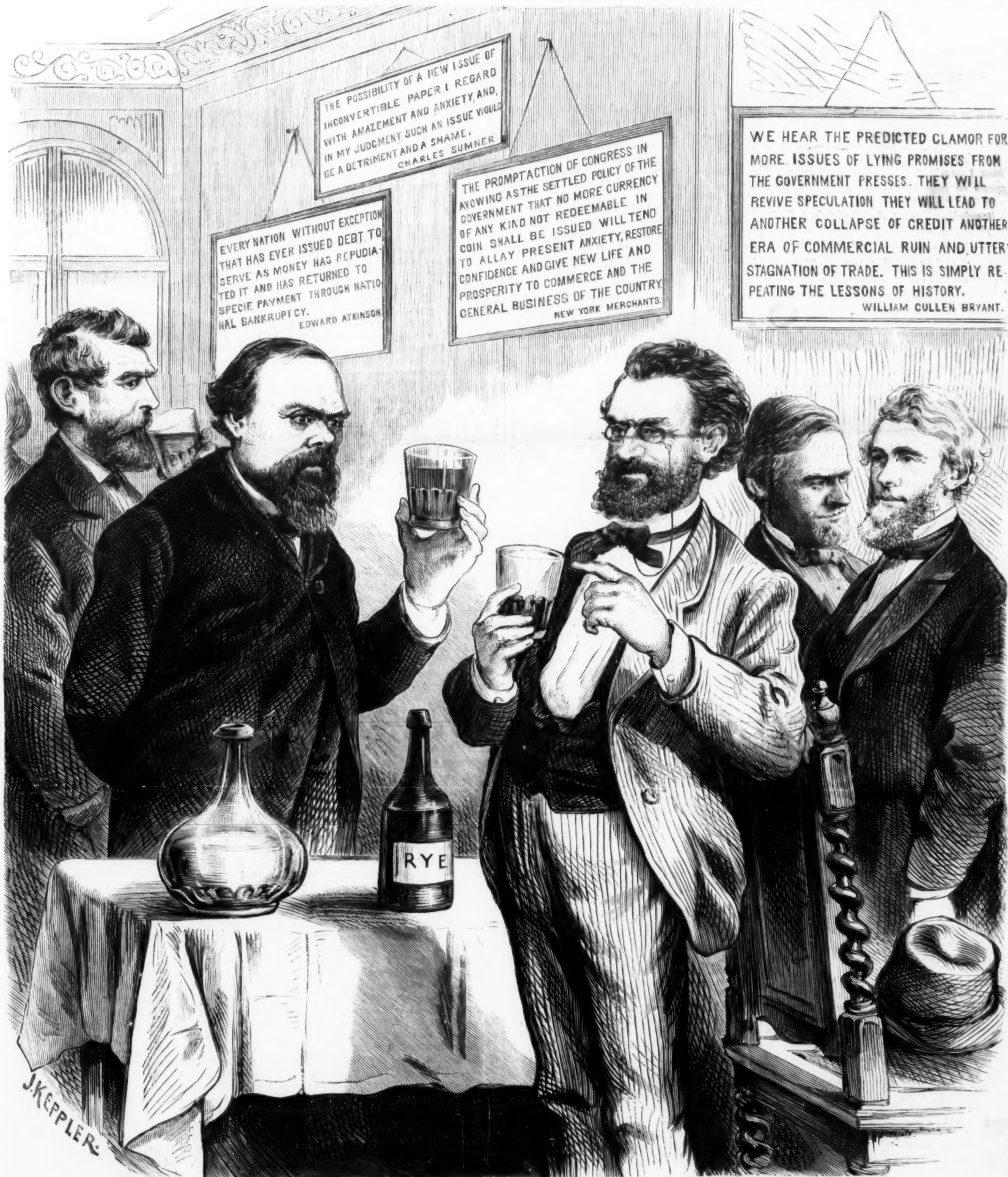
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE CURRENCY QUESTION IN A TUMBLER.

SENATOR MORTON—"Put plenty of water in your whisky, and see how the volume increases. I've got a tumblerful, and you've got only two fingers. Make more of it, Senator."

SENATOR SCHURZ—"But, Mr. Morton, you've got no more whisky than I have, and your full glass is of no more value than the unadulterated quantity that I have. You have weakened your whisky and spoiled your water."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
 637 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 NEW YORK, APRIL 11, 1874.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated newspaper in America.

Next week we shall present the first of Matt Morgan's series of

"THE MODERN DANCE OF DEATH:"

A SERMON IN SIX CARTOONS."

In this Number we begin the publication of a new and interesting story with a strong plot, entitled,

"THE CURSE OF CAERGWYN."

The first chapters show its character, and those that follow will be none the less agreeable to our readers.

We refer with pleasure to the advertisement of FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' & GIRLS' WEEKLY, which appears on page 79, announcing the new story, "FATHERLESS BOB,"

by Bracebridge Hemming, Author of "Jack Harkaway" Stories, etc.

A GRANGER VICTORY.

CONGRESSMAN GEORGE W. MCCRARY, of the Keokuk District of Iowa, a Republican and a lawyer, and Chairman of the House Committee of Railways and Canals, in January introduced in the House of Representatives a measure, which is known as the Transportation Bill. As amended, the argument and enactment of the Bill are that railways carrying freight and passengers between different States shall be regarded as being employed in commerce among the several States, and as such are subject to national legislation under the Constitution; and the Bill authorizes the President to appoint, and the Senate to consent to the appointment of, a Board of Railroad Commissioners, which shall have power to prepare a lawful schedule of reasonable rates of transportation. Last week this Bill was passed in the House by a vote of 121 for it, to 116 against it. It has yet to pass the Senate, and to receive the signature or the veto of the President; but as it is purely a Republican measure, possibly it will soon become a law.

It is a Republican measure, both practically and theoretically. For once the two parties of the House have met upon a question of principles, notwithstanding that five Western Democrats by voting for the Bill secured its passage. According to Democratic traditions this enactment is unconstitutional. It transcends the power delegated to Congress for regulating commerce between the States. Practically, it gives the Government possession of the railroads in all the essentials for which railroads are constructed—the doing of business and the earning of money. It requires them to operate upon a minimum basis fixed by the judgments of a national commission, and takes them out of the ordinary channels of trade, arbitrarily changing their value as objects of investment at home and abroad. The railway companies will probably appeal for protection from this law to the Supreme Court of the United States.

On the other hand, the Transportation Bill provides against the feudalism of railways that, having received privileges from Government, have not always been ready to afford compensating privileges to the people. Passengers and commerce have never secured any railway rights, except those which come from selfish and jealous competition among the railways themselves. The Western farmer, for whose convenience the Western railways are supposed to have been constructed, has received no great advantage, when we consider that he has paid away two-thirds of his produce for freightage in order to have the other third marketed. If we understand the Grangers' Platform, they ask only for an investigation into the just rights of both the farmers and the railways; and this Bill, if passed by the Senate, and signed by the President, will secure such investigation.

The practical party aspect of the measure remains. The Republican Party in Congress has asserted the desire of the Grangers, and has won for them a partial victory. The Democratic Party, with five exceptions in its Congressional membership, has directly opposed the desire of the Grangers on political grounds. The Democratic Party asserts its faith in the principles of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, in regard to the power of Congress under the Constitution to regulate commerce. The Republican Party has given its vote to centralization of power in the Govern-

ment. It is easy to see that if the Senate and the President are faithful to the House of Representatives, the Republican Party in winning victory for the Grangers, will strengthen itself in the West, prepare itself for the Autumn campaign, and draw a line of political significance between the West and the East.

"BUTLERISM."

GENERAL BUTLER recently said that the people of Massachusetts have "not enough public spirit to send the first orator of America, and perhaps of the world, to the Senate." It is well-known that since the day when General Butler hanged a man at New Orleans, Wendell Phillips has never ceased to give him praise; and now we have the word of this later Mirabeau that he admires Phillips. If Saint-Just comes to praise Mirabeau, why shall Mirabeau not praise Saint-Just? Their sentiments are at bottom the same; the difference lies in their manner of expressing them. Butler at New Orleans and at Fort Monroe, dealing with secessionists and contrabands, practically performed the dream of the orator. They both supported Grant, after a short enmity towards him. They both support him now.

Years ago Wendell Phillips learned how Boston regarded an independent man. To him, born of a race that possessed the first Mayor of Boston, independence meant ostracism. He saw plainly and said strongly that Boston was choked with cotton-seed. But he stood "under the flag" that bore freedom to the negro, and was a Republican except in name. When William Lloyd Garrison left him, he still stood with his eyes fixed upon the party that had enfranchised the slave, and he thought that no man was so worthy or so able to guide that party towards the logical political truth as General Butler.

Boston's bow windows have never opened in admiration of Butler as they used to open to Webster, when that boozey giant passed by. It has pleased itself with the petulant pendency and strong moral obstinacy of Charles Sumner. But Butler, Phillips and Sumner were political and personal friends. Butler earnestly desired to be Governor of Massachusetts, but as soon as he announced his ambition he was assailed, bitterly and personally, by many Republicans throughout the State. He was hated as hotly by the "respectable" Republicans of Boston as he was hated by the Southerners of New Orleans. With the spirit which excited Mirabeau when assailed by the aristocracy, Butler turned upon his accusers, and vigorously attacked them. He was not a stag at bay. He was like the monster cannon let loose between the decks of the *Claymore*, crushing all who came within his reach. He neither gave quarter nor asked for it. Sumner turned upon him, and he endeavored to ruin Sumner. When the President and Sumner quarreled, he took the President's side. His battleground always is Massachusetts. Hoar affected to despise him, and he rushed at Hoar with vehement vengeance. But he was true to his friendships, and he would have been glad to give his influence towards sending Phillips to the Senate.

But Butler knows that Puritan Massachusetts is only a tradition remembered on Beacon Hill; that the mob which hissed Phillips and dragged Garrison haltered through the streets is alive and active; and he is aware that in its ranks are many men who are good at heart. A hard-working politician himself, he believes in active partisanship; not that of a clique, but that of a party. He really wishes the preservation of Massachusetts Republicanism; but he believes that he has the same right to decide what that Republicanism is as Hoar or Banks has. Moreover, he cannot acquiesce in any code which gives all the labor to the lower strata of the party, and all the honors to the upper strata; especially when he knows the weakness of the latter. If he cannot have Phillips he will have Dawes. Hoar, he thinks, is an arrogant sycophant; Dawes, he thinks, is an experienced partisan, a man who has "worked in the harness."

This, then, is Butlerism: loyalty to organization; compensation for the party-workers. The element which is opposed to it looks higher than service and organization. It offers itself in the garb of respectability to the people, practically ignoring the party. It relies upon personal merit. We confess that this plan has features which are charming. It requires neither caucuses nor primary meetings. It affords a choice between the extremes of George Francis Train and Charles Francis Adams. But it is not a practical plan, and it can never win political battles. Because respectable Massachusetts has forsaken the fundamental system of party politics, Butler is nearer the Governorship than he was a year ago. But since he really yearns for something nobler than machinery, why does he not labor to inspire the Commonwealth with true ideas? He seems to believe that Phillips is greater than Dawes, and that the forum of America is more worthy than the Berkshire caucus. Why should not the work of his life be to raise that public spirit which would appreciate Phillips?

Years ago, when the Republican Party was at the zenith of its glory, Butler, in the city of New York, spoke words so hearty and brave that there were men who turned to one another and said, "This politician carries

the foremost banner of Republicanism, and he may be President of the United States." Active, courageous, never a defender, always a fighter, a man who was not unread in political history and polite literature, having sympathy with the low-born, the fisherman and the cotton spinner, a sort of political Dickens in his feelings, he was opposed by Massachusetts respectability. That opposition calls him tricky and corrupt; laying stress on his having aided to raise the tariff on bunting because he is the owner of a bunting factory, and on his having received fees from the exactions of Government agents. He who was spoken of for President has been refused the Governorship of his native State. We believe that many of the men who oppose him are morally and politically less worthy than he. But some of them have reason for their opposition; just as good people in New York dislike him because he created Davenport, the little Robespierre; and his connection with Jayne and Noah Davis, even as a lawyer, was lacking in taste and high morals. Yet General Butler seems not to be without glimpses of that fairer civilization which lies outside the caucus-room. Can he not compromise party fealty with "public spirit"? Does he seek party fealty as a means of money-making? Is he really a thief? Or is Butlerism only a makeshift even with Butler?

OCEAN STEAMERS.

THE launch of the *City of Peking* means something more than a demonstration that America can build iron steamships. That has already been shown by the building of the steamships owned in Philadelphia, and now forming a successful line of steam communication between that city and Liverpool. The departure in model of the *City of Peking* from the typical English transatlantic steamer of the present day gives us reason to hope that American steamers are henceforth to be constructed and managed with a view to safety, as well as to speed and carrying capacity.

The screw steamer, properly rigged so as to be manageable under sail alone, ought to be absolutely safe. The danger of fire can always be guarded against by proper precautions. The danger of springing a leak by laboring in a heavy sea ought not to exist in the case of a properly constructed vessel. The engine of the steamer ought to be able to keep her off a lee shore, even with a hurricane in full blast; and her sails should be sufficient to enable her crew to handle her easily in case her machinery should become disabled. So long as speed is subordinated to safety she need incur no danger from collision with ice; and the use of the electric light ought to render collision with other vessels possible only when both are handled with the utmost stupidity. But instead of the nearly absolute safety with which the introduction of the screw should have surrounded ocean navigation, the risks of a voyage across the Atlantic in nine out of ten of the steamers leaving this port are far greater than they were in the days when steamers were unknown, and the sailing packets were the only means of communication with Europe.

The causes of the danger which a voyage on one of the British iron steamers now almost monopolizing the transatlantic trade entails, are numerous. First among them is the vicious model upon which the steamers are constructed. The result of centuries of experience has shown that a ship six times as long as she is broad is safer—other things being equal—than a ship of less proportionate breadth. But the increase of length does not increase the resistance which a ship makes to the water; on the contrary, it rather increases her capacity for speed. Port dues, moreover, are dependent upon certain measurements of a ship, in which the least addition to her breadth makes a substantial difference, while a very great increase of her length has scarcely any effect whatever. Long and narrow ships are therefore cheaper and faster than shorter and broader ships. It is for these reasons that British shipowners have gradually increased the length of their steamers, until now nearly all the steamers built within the last two or three years are ten or eleven times as long as they are broad. There exists an erroneous impression that the ships of the White Star Line are the worst of all offenders in this respect. The truth is, that the latest additions to the fleets of the Cunard, the Inman and the Anchor Lines are quite as disproportionate in their length. It is the fault, not of a particular line, but of the entire English merchant fleet; and in all probability we shall soon see ships that are still longer and narrower than are the *Britannic*, the *Bohnia*, or the *City of Chester*.

The results which follow from the vicious model now in vogue are twofold. The ship is weakened by her excessive length, and when driven on shore is nearly certain to break in two, although in like circumstances a ship of the old model would hold together for many hours. The long, wedge-like ships are also bad sea boats. In a violent tempest they cannot scud with safety, both because they lack buoyancy and ship enormous masses of water over the bows, and because the "racing" of the screw, which takes place when the propeller is thrown out of water, is a terrible strain upon the machinery. Then, it is nearly impossible to heave-to a ship ten times as long as she is broad when the weather is so bad

that she can no longer scud. She comes up to the wind very slowly, and the amount of after-sail necessary to bring her head to the wind is so great that no canvas is strong enough to withstand in such comparatively large quantities the force of a tempest. If the screw does its duty the ship may be kept close to the wind, but if it gives way—as it is always in danger of doing in the "racing"—inevitable in a heavy sea—the ship will fall off, and her deck will be instantly swept. Hitherto it has so happened that we have no record of a disaster occurring from the failure of the machinery in a critical moment. Such a disaster is sure to happen sooner or later, and we shall then see what a helpless coffin one of the long British screw-steamers becomes in a gale of wind, and with disabled machinery.

But the bad model is not the only fault of the modern ocean steamer. Speed is universally regarded as the chief end in view. It is, therefore, the rule to drive the ship at full speed against the heaviest head sea. This course nearly caused the loss of the *Pennsylvania* a few weeks since. About the same time one of the largest vessels in the Liverpool trade was driven into a heavy sea until the water piled over her bows, and she hung for several moments nearly at an angle of forty-five degrees, bent, apparently, upon going down head-foremost—a fate from which nothing could have saved her had her cargo shifted. From this same mad sacrifice of everything to speed it happened that another steamer, nearly at the same time, was driven through the sea until she could no longer force her way, and only made her escape by throwing overboard part of her cargo. It is this same reason that induces steamship companies, with few exceptions, to send their vessels over the northern passage, passing through the heaviest of the Newfoundland fogs, through the region of Arctic ice, and close upon the bold headland of Cape Race. How many ships have been lost already from this cause we do not know, for no tale has come to us of the fate of the *City of Boston*, the *Ismaïlia*, and others, which sailed and were never heard of again.

Overloading is another common practice, especially with the vessels of certain lines that are chiefly intended for freight. Steamers are constantly sent out of this port loaded down to within a foot or two of the water-edge. The danger in case of heavy weather is admitted even by their owners, but the chance of meeting only with pleasant weather is taken, and the vessel is sent to sea in an unseaworthy condition. The greed which prompts this criminal course also leads to other equally villainous practices. Repairs to a steamer are more costly here than in England, and British steamers in this port are not subject to Government inspection. Hence they are sent on the voyage to England with broken propellers, defective plates, and without proper rigging and their full complement of boats. The other day a steamer arrived here, having carried away her iron foremast. Instead of providing her with a new mast, her wooden mizenmast was unstepped and rigged up as a jury foremast, and then the ship put to sea without any mizenmast whatever. Had her machinery broken down in a gale, she had not sufficient sail with her makeshift of a foremast to run before it, and she had no means of setting any after-sail, and thus could not have been hove-to. But repairs were cheaper in Liverpool than in New York, and so the chance of her reaching home in safety was deliberately taken.

We have said enough to show how little safety is considered on board the British transatlantic steamers. The Cunard ships have a reputation for safety because the greatest care is taken in the selection of their officers, and the fact that they follow the so-called "lane-roules" does lessen the danger of collision. The new ships of the line, however, are as bad in point of model as are those of any other line. As to the rest of the ocean fleet, there is little room for choice. The freight lines are dangerously addicted to overloading, and the mail steamers are driven at a reckless speed. A man needs to make his will and his peace with heaven before embarking on any of them.

What is needed to make ocean steam navigation safe can easily be told. In the first place, we need ships of the model of the *City of Peking*, which is thirty-two feet shorter than the *Bohnia*, and at the same time four and a half feet broader. Properly rigged, such a ship would be far safer than the best of the Cunarders. Then we need a rigorous inspector of foreign steamers in this port, by which no half-disabled or overloaded ship would be permitted to go to sea. All steamers should be required to be properly rigged, so as to be safe under sail; to carry electric lights; and to take the southern passage, where the danger of ice would be infrequent. It is too much to ask that freight and passenger traffic should be separated, and the latter carried on only in wooden ships, which are far safer in case of stranding than are iron ships. This, however, must be among the things to be hoped for in the future. Meanwhile we can congratulate ourselves that in building the *City of Peking* we have returned in some measure to the model of a better era, and from this hopeful sign we may take courage to believe that the American steamer of the future is to be a far better ship in all respects than are the British ships that now usurp our transatlantic trade.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

The stupidest New Jersey Legislature ever known has adjourned *sine die*.

WHENEVER a man becomes a Republican, a Democrat, a Granger or an Independent, we have some respect for him; but the moment he becomes a Reformer he is liable to suspicion.

THE troops of Don Carlos are winning small, but important, victories over the *ci-devant* Republicans of Spain. Don Carlos in Madrid will do more for Spain than twenty Republican dictators like Serrano.

GOVERNOR KEMPER, of Virginia, shows that the State credits prostrate. The State cannot pay all its interest. He lays much blame upon the General Government for interfering with the State credit; but he asks it for a loan.

GOVERNOR BOOTH, of California, has won another victory. He has been absolved from all charges of corruption and bribery in his recent election to the United States Senate. Governor Booth is in a fair way to run on the next national ticket.

THE politicians of California wanted to elect Harbor Commissioners, but Governor Booth vetoed the Bill for that purpose which was passed by a coalition of Republicans and Democrats; and now the Independents have another victory.

NO CLASS of people suffers more than that of employed on railroads. The shopmen of the Erie Railway at Susquehanna, who have not been paid for two months, have stopped travel and trade on the road, and the Governor of Pennsylvania has called out the militia.

IN the National Senate one day last week, Senator Thurman, of Ohio, was twitted with dodging the financial issue, and he responded that as an old Democrat he is in favor of a gradual resumption of specie payments within two years; and then he strongly advocated free trade.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD, who we believe now lives in Louisiana, wishes Congress to be thrust from the Capital. If our memory serves us, General Beauregard himself, on one or two occasions, threatened practically to do the thrusting, but was prevented by a pressure of engagements.

A SHIP-CANAL across the State of New Jersey would, of course, benefit Pennsylvania. This would not please Colonel Thomas A. Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which takes freight to Jersey City. So, when a ship-canal Bill got into the New Jersey Legislature, Colonel Scott killed it.

THE Erie Railway is in a bad financial way. President Watson has failed to make the new régime successful. Everybody will sympathize with this popular railway in its troubles, and at the same time will echo the saying of him who said, "Jay Gould is the best railroad man in the United States."

AS we go to press with our early edition, the struggle for the Massachusetts Senatorship has resulted in nothing. It seems impossible for Mr. Hoar to win; and probable that the Democrats and Hoar men will unite on Charles Francis Adams. Such a compromise would effectually kill Butlerism in Massachusetts.

COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT has won a victory over his enemies who endeavored to oust him from the control of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. J. Edgar Thompson has been re-elected President, and Colonel Scott, Vice-President. Philadelphia's interest is attended to by the three directors chosen at the municipal election of last November.

THE San Diego (Cal.) Union likes our recent criticism of Senator Sargeant, and thinks it did him justice. The Union and all its townsmen are in favor of the Southern Pacific Railway, and they desire to preserve the power of their only Senator. When Governor Booth reaches the Senate, he will probably not give his influence towards railway legislation.

HOW LITTLE the French rulers care to define what their form of Government really is was shown by the vote of the Assembly of 330 *pro* to 256 *con* that it would not on the 1st of next July decide whether France is a monarchy or a republic. The motion came from the Monarchists, and the defeat from the Republicans under the lead of President MacMahon's prime minister.

GENERAL BURRIEL's appointment as a Field Marshal by the Spanish Government, as a reward for his eminent military services in Cuba, is a sarcasm on American diplomacy, and shows in how great esteem Spain holds military in contradistinction to civil life. If Burriel is a Field Marshal for heroic services at the Santiago slaughter-house, what should Hamilton Fish be?

DETECTIVE JAYNE is now attacked from his own ranks. A Custom House officer who aided him to "fix" a Boston firm that paid over \$475,000 to be divided between the Government and its officials tried to cut Jayne with a penknife because the latter would not give him his share, \$35,000. If he had killed Jayne, the merchants of New York and Boston would have sustained a great loss.

THE Congregational Council at Brooklyn sought to decide whether Beecherism is saintliness or not. By-the-way, if Dr. Storrs told what he believed when he said he did not mean anything personal to Dr. Beecher, why was there need of any council? Everybody seems to believe that the real meaning of the calling of the Council was to take action on a certain scandal in connection with Plymouth Church.

REVENUE officers of the Government consider that importing merchants are their natural enemies. Butler, Jayne and Company insist that the merchants are thieves, intent upon evading revenue laws. But revenue laws are so complicated that merchants ought to have the benefit of every doubt of intent to evade. The fight between Government agents and the merchants will result in the abolishment of the duties of the former, and in a readjustment of the tariff.

CHICAGO now has no Senator of the United States. Senator Logan belongs to the country part of Illinois, and so does Senator Oglesby. Logan's term expires in 1877, and already the Chicago people are talking of putting Governor Beveridge in his place.

The latter was recently the sheriff of the county in which Chicago is situated. It is feared, however, that Minister Washburne may come home and have some influence on the Senatorial contest, and that the Reformers may have something to say.

THE Republican Party, even with Charles Sumner's teachings before it, has the disgrace of having its policy defined from England. Mr. Mundella said last week in London that the party which abolished slavery would succeed in establishing arbitration as a method of settling disputes between nations. If Mr. Mundella made a remote reference to Secretary Fish's "arbitration as a method of settling" the dispute between Spain and the United States, he should have added that Spain gained all the advantage and the United States all the disgrace.

SOME radical has suggested that there are three great characters in literary history: Job, Jesus, and Jean Valjean. Victor Hugo, the creator of Jean Valjean, has just created a new character in his novel of "Ninety Three." It is Cimaudain. But Cimaudain is not worthy to touch the hem of Jean Valjean's garment, although he was conceived and gestated in the same corner of Hugo's brain as the sublime hero of "Les Misérables." Lantenac, in the new novel, is only another Javert, in ribbons, just as Gauvain is a new Jean Prouvaire. What the new work lacks is woman—Cosette. None of the characters of the new book love anything, except Cimaudain, and he loves a man!

GENERAL BUTLER'S "poor boy" Simmons has gained upon our liking. His answers to questions in the Sanborn investigation were honest, frank, and very innocent. He knew Sanborn to be a mysterious railway man, a lobbyist, "and all that sort of thing," and he added that if he himself had been negligent in the internal revenue office he was afterwards sorry for it. Simmons is evidently an uneducated, good-hearted, popular, magnetic fellow with wide eyes, and a jolly way of making the boys come up to the mark and support "Ben. Butler." We have seen such men. They have their place, say in internal revenue offices or smaller corners. But collectorships are just a little too large for them, especially in such a town as Boston. Simmons is not more than three times as worthy as Tom Murphy.

EVERY citizen knows what influence a minority report used to have on the politics of the country. Early Republicans made one on every practicable occasion, and old Thad. Stevens was an adept in the art. The Democratic members of the House Committee on Banking and Currency threaten to make a minority report in relation to the Government's interest in the doings of the First National (Jay Cooke) Bank of Washington. If they are wise and discreet, they will be able to draw to their support most of the Independent newspapers. Those Democrats are S. J. Randall, of Philadelphia, a Liberal Republican co-operator; Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukee, a shrewd Scotchman, who is a banker, and has a great deal to do with grain and railway operations in Wisconsin; and Milton J. Denham, of Kentucky, a country lawyer. Are they equal to the emergency?

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, writing to the Anti-Inflation Meeting in New York last week, said: "Let us have as little legislation as possible, and let that little be firm and clear." This is not an original idea, nor is it original in its expression; but it is the principle which lies at the foundation of democratic government, and was the doctrine of Thomas Jefferson. In Mr. Sumner's speech at Faneuil Hall, on August 22d, 1848, entitled "The Party of Freedom," and printed in volume second of his works, at page 144, he thus speaks: "Of Mr. Adams I need say nothing in this place, where his honorable and efficient public service and his private life are so familiar. Standing, as I now do, beneath the image of his father and grandfather, it will be sufficient if I say that he is heir not only to their name, but to the virtues, the abilities and the indomitable spirit that rendered that name so illustrious."

THE Inflationists of Congress have won a great financial battle. The volume of currency has been fixed at \$400,000,000. This is the total sum of greenbacks issued after the war. Secretary McCulloch, who was a wise banker, was in favor of contraction. He reduced the issue forty-four millions. That is, he retired and canceled so many Government promises to pay. He was stopped by an unwise Congress. Secretary Boutwell, after the resignation of Secretary McCulloch, formed the policy of reissuing this forty-four millions in payment of Government debts. He called them a "reserve." But he was opposed in this policy by the Senate. During the first days of the panic, the speculators of New York begged President Grant to reissue the forty-four millions. He refused. Now Congress asks him to do the same thing, and it will be seen whether he has the courage to refuse. The currency is put back to where it was before Secretary McCulloch reduced it.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AT SEA.

THE London Times, in an article on naval affairs, says that Mr. H. Wilde, of Manchester, in order to supply a strong light on the surface of the water for the detection of torpedoes, has submitted to the Admiralty one of his electro-magnetic induction machines. This machine is the one used in our establishment for photographing at night, and was displayed up and down Broadway just after the accident to the *Ville du Havre*. Our illustrations of the effect of this machine have been reproduced extensively in Europe, and have encouraged the adoption of Mr. Wilde's plan. It will, in a few weeks, be used experimentally on one of the Atlantic steamers. But the experiments in the British Navy were so effective that any doubts of the value of the electric light have been dispelled from the minds of the Admiralty. The Times says:

"One of these machines had been fixed on board the Comet, twin screw gun vessel at Portsmouth (one of the short and light draught boats carrying one 18-ton gun on a raising and lowering platform, on the Armstrong Rendell plan), and was tested during the nights of Thursday and

Friday, under the supervision of Captain Boys, commanding the *Excellent* gunnery establishment, and members of the Naval and War Office Torpedo Committee, with the most complete success. On Thursday the *Comet* left Portsmouth Harbor for the eastern entrance to Spithead, from the Channel, at about 8 p.m.; but half an hour before leaving a first experiment was made with the machine and its projector lens in throwing the beam of light round the upper part of Portsmouth Harbor. The gunnery ship *Excellent*, with her tenders and the boats alongside and at the boom ends, the long lengths of the sea wall inclosing the dockyard extension works, the mud banks—it being nearly low water—the *Asia* and the vessels about and further away into Fareham Creek, Her Majesty's yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*, the *Glanton* monitor, and the few men-of-war boats moving about between the ships at the time, all stood out with wonderful distinctness as the electric light touched them. But, beyond all the others, the *Glanton*, in her French gray paint, given her as an invisible dress at certain distances by daylight, shone out in weird splendor. It needed no subsequent experiment to prove that a vessel painted in neutral color must stand out very much more distinctly under the influence of the electric light than another vessel at the same distance, and painted with the ordinary black coating of our broadside ironclads. When the *Comet* subsequently left the harbor, and had taken on board the members of the Torpedo Committee off Southsea, she steamed to a position off Brading and the east end of the Isle of Wight and anchored, attacks being then made upon her by two steam-pinnace torpedo-boats, from directions, of course, unknown on board the *Comet*. When the boats had been away a certain time the electric light was brought into play, its beam sweeping the surface of the water, and in each instance discovering the torpedo-boats before they could lessen a mile's distance between them and the *Comet*. Discovered at such a distance, their attack, of course, was considered to have utterly failed. On Friday the *Comet* was anchored in Stoke's Bay, near the west end of the measured mile, and buoyed off for the speed trials of Her Majesty's ships. Captain Boys and the members of the Torpedo Committee made a number of experiments with the light, upon which official reports will be made, as will also be done with the experiments conducted on the previous day. If we know, which we do not, the exact details of all these experiments, comment upon them here would be out of place as anticipating the reports to be yet made by Captain Boys and the members of the committee. What was evident to all afloat and on the lookout for the trial of the new light on the nights of Thursday or Friday was that its power was immense, and of this we may speak freely and yet briefly. On Friday, as on Thursday, no boat could approach the light within a mile without being at once discovered, and the gray or white painted steam pinnace was always much more prominently and longer in view under the light than the other in its coat of black paint. In a boat at 2,000 yards distance from the *Comet*, and with the beam of light brought to bear upon the boat, the *Times* could be read with the greatest ease."

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

MR. BUCKLE'S "apostleship" remains unacknowledged. No doubt his "History of Civilization" produced an extraordinary impression when it appeared. The reception of the work exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of his friends. "He sprang at once into celebrity, and singularly enough, considering the nature of the book, he attained not merely to literary fame, but to fashionable notoriety. To his own great amusement, he became the lion of the season; his society was courted, his library besieged with visitors, and invitations poured in upon him, even from houses where philosophical speculation had surely never been a passport before." This is far from proving the presence of a writer capable of revealing "valuable principles" and opening up "glimpses of truth not hitherto recognized."

The world found in the book theories which may be said to have been at the time "in the air." Mr. Buckle did not reveal new principles, but he put in distinct and attractive form views previously announced, and which had occurred to many minds. No doubt the boldness and scope of his great design attracted attention and excited curiosity. The idea of including the history of civilization under laws, of tracing in the seemingly orderless movements of men and nations a connection of cause and effect similar to the order observable in the relations of mechanical forces, responded to an intellectual craving of the hour. Here, it was fancied, was a man able to lay all branches and departments of human knowledge under contribution. In the busy nineteenth century, with its great subdivision of labor, here was a writer who had seemingly gone near to master the *omne scibile* in all branches of inquiry. The dogmatic assurance with which his conclusions were set forth contributed at first to the reputation of the book. There was no painful balancing of elaborate arguments, but the bold sweep as of a master's hand reaching startling results, that were given forth without faltering or hesitation. Mr. Buckle was an omnivorous reader, and his life had been that of a recluse. Unused to the ways of the world and unaccustomed to opposition—for in his library, like the preacher in his pulpit, he had everything his own way—he declared the results of his investigations with uncompromising self-assurance. Of Mr. Buckle, more than most literary students, it may be said his life was in his library. Its character grew out of the complexity and variety of his reading. He was a product, rather than a producer, for the intellectual thread by which he strung together his observations of men and things was not more original than the materials with which he worked. These were supplied to him at second-hand, for in no branch of knowledge did he go to the fountain-head and learn through experience. His life was wholly in and with his books, and his sole ambition was to be able some time to show "something in return" for the tear and wear of his brain in his study.

LIFE IN TEXAS.

THERE are now two distinct classes of people in Texas—one known as the Old-Timers, the other as the New-Comers. The former are the representatives of the Lone Star State, as we knew it in the stories of bull-whackers and bowie-knives and brigands. The latter are the men of push and pluck and enterprise, who are making New Texas. These latter are the men who have gone there within the last few years—who have built the railroads and the new towns, and who have infused a brand-new life into the progress of the State. Texas

has hitherto been a comet flying wildly through space—now she is becoming a fixed star, and will, ere long, become the brightest in the constellation. The State needs more and more of these New-Comers. So great has been the influx that they are almost in the majority now, and the influence of their go-ahead-iveness, and good, strong sense is being widely felt. The Old-Timers have almost ceased to make a fight against innovation, and are at last consenting that the engineer and his locomotive shall take the place of the Old-Time bull-whacker and long-horn. Texas is the place for the young man with small capital to double it. Cotton-planting in Texas is to corn-planting in Kentucky and Tennessee what the locomotive is to the ox-team. The farmer can buy as much land as he wants there for a mere song, or take a tract of one hundred and eighty acres under the homestead laws of the State, which are unusually liberal. The young merchant, with a few hundred dollars in his pocket, can buy a stock of goods and go into the interior, and, with the shrewdness and business tact which he brings from the older States, undersell and outsell and finally sell out the old-fashioned merchants of Texas who persist in asking old-time prices and selling in old-time fashions, steadily refusing to recognize the fact that the railroads have come, and with them a better and more convenient civilization. The new men are fast getting ahead of the old ones in everything; and now, while the country is new and offers the unlimited opportunities which it will not be able to offer ten years hence, is the time for the men of pluck to take a hand and have a share in the general deal.

MOUNT SINAI.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

A RECENT discovery is now agitating the geographical societies of Europe, the which, we predict, will yet make a prodigious stir in the religious world. Mr. Charles Beke, the eminent geographer and Orientalist, lately undertook a journey up the Gulf of Akaba for the purpose of discovering the true Mount Sinai; and he has written a letter to the London Times, dated from Suez, the 15th of February, announcing the full success of his explorations; that he has found the Mount Sinai of the Old Testament on the east side of the Gulf of Akaba, and that he has abundant proof, to be hereafter published, that he is correct in his conjectures. A glance at any ordinary map will show that the Gulf of Akaba runs from the Red Sea in a northeasterly direction. The triangular piece of land situated between the Red Sea and the Gulf of Akaba has been commonly called the Sinai Peninsula, and it has hitherto been universally believed that Mount Sinai was one of the many mountain-tops found in that singular region, though doubts have existed whether it was on Jebel Musa or Jebel Serbal that Jehovah showed Himself to Moses and revealed the law. Indeed, so absolutely fixed was the belief that the real Mountain of the Law was one of two or three mountains not far from each other, that the researches of pious and enthusiastic travelers have been directed chiefly to the identification of the various encampments of the Israelites after they had crossed the Red Sea on their way to Mount Sinai. Moreover, a Sinai Survey Expedition, under the auspices of the Ordnance Survey Department of England, has made a topographical survey of the peninsula, and, aided by zealous and scientific members of the Palestine Exploration Society, has determined with approximate accuracy the itinerary of the Israelites from the time they left Rameses in Egypt till they arrived in the Promised Land. To these Mountains of Sinai, therefore, for the last twenty-five years, or since steam has opened an easy access to Egypt and the Holy Land, have hundreds and thousands of travelers, and notably a large number of our own countrymen, directed their steps, animated, some few by mere love of adventure, but by far the larger number by a reverent desire to confirm their faith by treading the very places where the chosen people of God had been miraculously led and sustained. The impressions derived from travels amid places made memorable by the more immediate presence of the Most High among his worshipping people are most salutary and delightful. The treasures of knowledge are enriched; enthusiasm is kindled; faith seems almost turned to sight; and that mind must be callous indeed that is not aflame with reverence and awe when it comes before the mountain-side down which Moses descended, three thousand years ago, bearing in his hand the first revelations of God to man.

But what must be the feelings of countless pilgrims if Mr. Beke's new discoveries be confirmed, and it is found that so much religious enthusiasm has been expended on wrong objects? For, if it be proved that the true Mount Sinai is more than a hundred miles away to the northeast of the spot where pilgrims have hitherto worshiped in blissful ignorance, it follows that the encampments of the Israelites which have been mapped out with so much care are grossly misplaced also. What shall we do then? Shall we again take the pilgrim's staff and make another journey to the true and the new shrine? And if we do this, can we bring back the freshness of our first love, and rekindle in all its ardor the earlier enthusiasm? And if we do not, shall we not feel that our apathy, for which we can, under the circumstances, scarcely be blamed, is unworthy of the scenes we visit and of the faith we profess? Suppose the route to the new Sinai should lie along the base of the old. It might be irrelevant to analyze the feelings it would probably provoke.

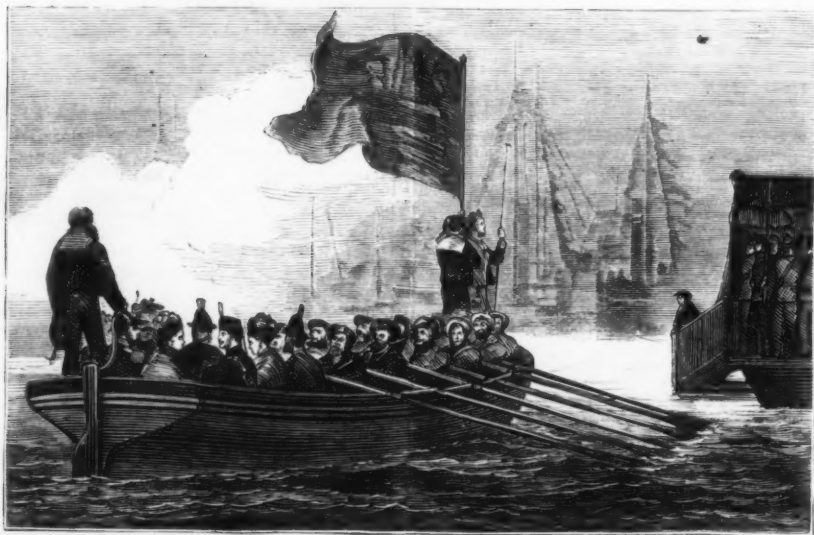
The religious world can owe no thanks to the iconoclasm of Mr. Beke. Suppose the world has been all in error. Why not suffer us to dwell in the delusion in which we were so happy? Yet the doubt will force itself upon us, if one holy place be thus egregiously misplaced, what certainty is there as to any of the others?

We can comfort ourselves, at least, with the Divine declaration that "neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, men ought to worship." And with another reflection, which, though true, is not quite so pleasant, that it is the emotion itself which sanctifies, and not the object that gives it birth.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 71.



AFRICA.—ASHANTEE WAR—BURNING OF KING KOFFEE'S CAPITAL, COOMASSIE—THE END OF THE ENGLISH CAMPAIGN.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS.—LEAVING THE ROYAL YACHT—LANDING IN ENGLAND.



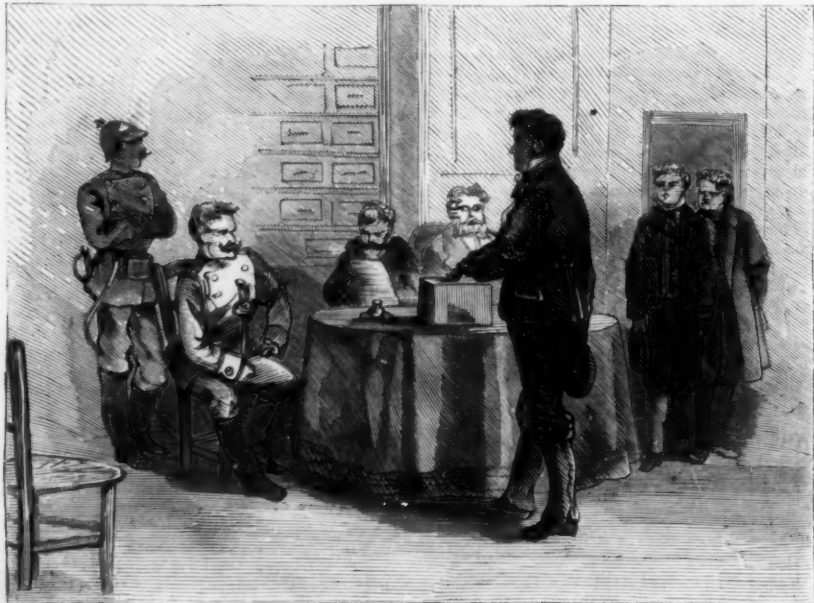
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS.—THE HUNDRED YOUNG LADIES OF LONDON STREWING FLOWERS IN THEIR PATHWAY



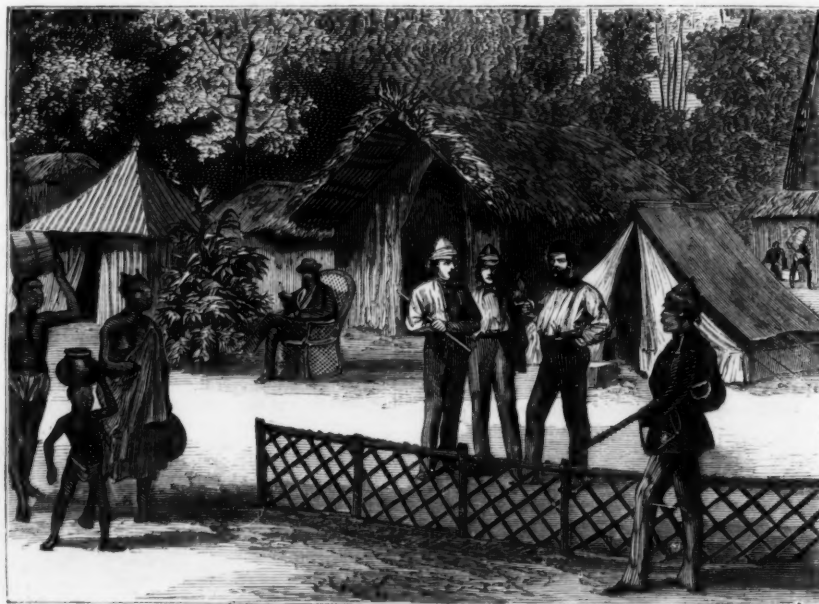
SPAIN, MADRID.—THE PLAZA OF SAN MIGUEL.



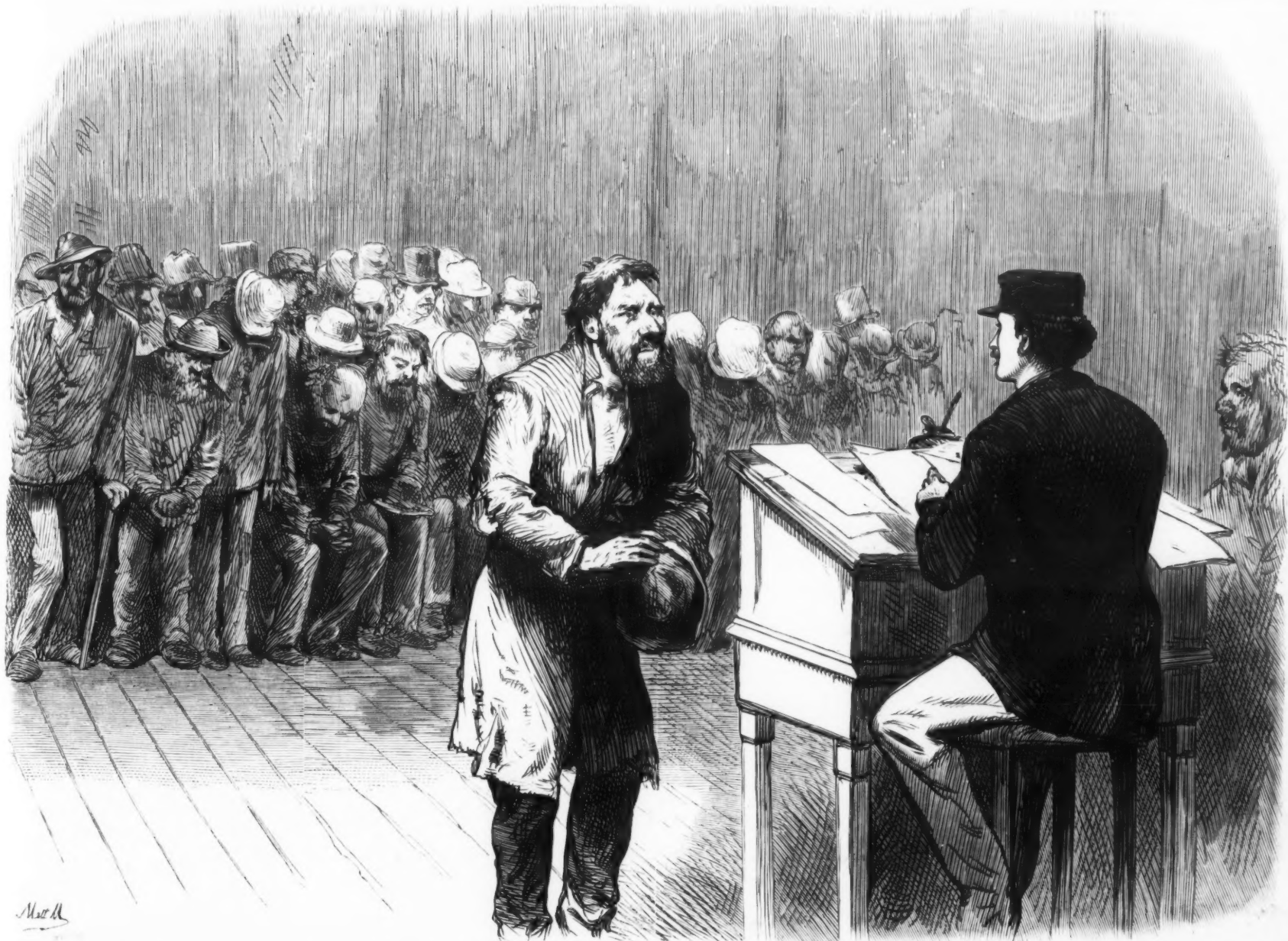
ASHANTEE.—PAYING A WEST INDIA REGIMENT.



ALSACE-LORRAINE.—THE ELECTION.



ASHANTEE WAR.—QUARTERS OF THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS IN THE CAMP AT PRAH-SU.



INTEMPERANCE IN NEW YORK.—BLACKWELL'S ISLAND OFFICERS EXAMINING COMMITMENTS AND RECORDING NAMES OF INEBRIATES.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 71.



INTEMPERANCE IN NEW YORK.—A SCENE ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.—"PUT OUT YOUR TONGUE, SIR!"—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 71.

LOVE-FLOWERS.

Oh! who was watching when Love came by,
When Love came here in the glad Spring hours?
The scarf was torn from his laughing eye,
And he wore instead a wreath of flowers.

The wreath of flowers his head went round
And about his eyes, as the scarf had been;
But in vain the flowery band was bound,
For he peeped the flowers and leaves between.

He wore no quiver, he bore no bow,
And innocent looked as a blinded boy;
With flowers about him, above, below,
The spirit he seemed of Spring and Joy.

But here and there he let fall a flower,
The cruel, the bright little blinded god;
And watching, I saw that hour by hour
These blooms took root in the green Spring sod.

And whose plucks the flowers that grow
From the blooms Love flung from his wreaths above,
Though sweetest-looking of blossoms they blow,
His heart shall be hot with the madness of love.

THE CURSE OF CAERGWYN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS,"
"IVY'S PROBATION," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

WAS it the "curse" which made such a desolation of the gray old mansion, grimly heading the lovely, picturesque Welsh valley? The country-people said so, and shook their heads at the closed windows, and with bated breath told strange tales of sights and sounds seen and heard there which tradition had handed down from generation to generation amongst them. And bold indeed was the shepherd or the peasant who would venture after nightfall near "The Gray House," as they called it.

The good folk wondered why Sir Owen Caergwyn lived in that gloomy place. But then, they argued again, it mattered little for himself where he lived; for, since his wife's death, he had shut himself up with his books, and devoted himself to them with such concentrated assiduity that no outward gloom could by any possibility affect him.

It was lucky that he possessed that *rara avis*, an honest steward; otherwise his worldly substance would have melted away as his happiness had done. As it was, the estate, well managed, prospered, and the money which was not spent accumulated fast, whilst the old servants sighed and groaned over the stables emptied of the high-stepping horses, once the master's pride—over the gardens, so trim and fair in "my lady's" day, now so neglected and overgrown; and the housekeeper mourned over the grand suit of reception-rooms, closed and muffled in brown holland.

"It's the 'curse' that's taken hold of him!" they all pronounced. "It has always been the way of the Caergwyns; there's a canker at the heart of them—more's the pity! But for that they would be the finest race in the whole country, such noble gentlemen and such beautiful ladies as they are! But how can they stand against the 'curse'?"

"Caergwyn Hall should always want a mistress" the dread tradition had decreed, and for many generations it had been singularly verified. Four brides had died in succession, by sudden and startling deaths—they had "seen something," the awe-stricken retainers averred.

But when Sir Owen—he was a distant cousin to the last baronet—with a young and lovely bride whom he adored, arrived to take possession, and when, after the lapse of a few months, an heir was born and still the happy married life went on in safety, it really seemed as if the new dynasty would prove an exception.

But after two years more the inevitable blow descended. Lady Caergwyn gave birth to a second son, and died a week afterwards—"raving mad," it was whispered in the scared household. And again—this time on the authority of the nurse—the vague and terrible rumor spread abroad: she too had "seen something," and it had killed her!

These whispers reached the ears of the stricken husband, and probably added a deeper and blacker depth to the despair which thenceforth enwrapped him. The fatal "curse" of his family was a cruel reality, not the vague superstition he had deemed it; it had crushed all the joy out of his life and left him nothing but endurance. Why should he seek ever to repair the ravages it had wrought? It was there, irresistible and relentless, ready to leap forth at any moment to spread fresh desolation over any pleasant things he might gather about him.

So he dropped the life he held on such uncertain tenure—the life of hope and endeavor. He died, as far as it was in his power to do, in the prime and flower of his age. Buried in his books, he awaited, in gloomy isolation, the time when the mysterious "curse" should have no further power to blight him. It had robbed him of life's joy, the rest he surrendered to it.

The Gray House seemed but a dreary home for the two little lads who grew up under its shadow—grew up and ran wild, as boys in such circumstances would be apt to do. Noble little fellows they were, with strong young limbs, splendidly developed on the Welsh hills, with honest loving hearts, and the frank, generous nature of their race—the kind of creatures to be improved, not spoiled by freedom, and by familiarity with Nature in her simplicity and her grandeur. For education, in the usual sense, they did not fare badly. They had the clergyman of the parish, an Oxford scholar of the profound and accurate school, and the only man who still retained a particle of influence over Sir Owen.

Doctor Milsom taught his young pupils to spell Latin and Greek, to fear God and speak the truth; whilst old Morgan, the gamekeeper, did his part, putting a double-barreled gun into their hands almost as soon as they could hold it, showing them how to make flies and lines to tempt the shy trout out of the deep hollows of the silver stream, and relating to them, as they sat round the fire together on winter evenings, endless and soul-inspiring tales of the Caergwyn race—their exploits and adventures, their triumphs and their virtues. So it happened that the boys were familiar with every tradition of their house, and imbibed unconsciously a good measure of that superstitious element which is so strong a characteristic of the Welsh mountaineer.

Not that it had, as yet, any effect upon their lives; in fact, it was wonderful to see how little the gloom of their surroundings influenced them. Doubtless their wild free life counteracted its influence. Their father was neither harsh nor morose; he liked them to join him at meals, and to recount to him the day's adventures. He loved his children the more, perhaps, for the knowledge that he was unequal to the task of directing their lives, or of guiding them on in the world he had relinquished.

The neighboring squire looked kindly on the lads

when they met them trudging home with their satchel or basket of trout, or cantering along on their rough little ponies to the nearest town for fishing-lines or powder and shot. Warm-hearted fathers of families and tender, careful mothers pressed hospitality upon them—a hospitality with which Sir Owen never interfered, and which he acknowledged by courteous messages and magnificent presents of game from the preserves, which old Morgan took care should be well stocked.

One result of the isolated life led by the boys was to breed in them a mutual devotion, touching in its manifestations. In the elder brother, Vyvyan, the devotion took the form of a generous protection—in the younger, David, of an intense admiration of, and an entire merging of himself in, his brother's higher personality. Vyvyan was as a god to him—a splendid creature to be served and revered—almost worshiped. Whatever he deemed best was always laid, like an offering, at Vyvyan's feet; whatever was his was honored by Vyvyan's use. The difficulty always lay in persuading Vyvyan to accept the sacrifices David was so willing to make; for his elder brother, unspoiled by all this homage, had, with a boy's natural pride of seniority, a man's generosity and high-mindedness, so that many were the friendly contests between the two.

Looking on at one of these, old Morgan had once exclaimed, with a pleased smile on his rugged old face:

"Bless the lads, but you're chips of the old block, too! I'll be bound you'd fight for one another as hard and as long as old Sir Vyvyan himself."

"What did he fight for?" asked one. "Who was he?"

"Tell us all about it," they exclaimed together.

Down went the fishing-rods. David was trying to convince Vyvyan of the justice of an exchange between them, Vyvyan's rod having come to grief in landing a twelve-pound pike from the lake. Both boys were hanging on old Morgan's arm in an instant.

"Softly, softly!" cried the old man, freeing himself from the two eager claspings. "Sit ye down there, and listen."

And, with his audience disposed soberly on the grass before him, Morgan told his tale.

"It's a long time ago," he began—"more'n a hundred years, I should say—and there's none living now to remember it, though old Williams, who died in the hard weather last Christmas, used to say that he had often heard his father tell how two things happened to Caergwyn in one year. Sir Vyvyan, who had the estate then, lost his brother and his wife within twelve months. His wife died as all the ladies of Caergwyn have died since, but his brother John went away from Caergwyn Hall one day without word left or reason given, and never came back any more. That was before the lady died; in fact, just before she was married."

"Never came back?" interpolated David, breathlessly.

"Never," emphatically repeated the old man—"never to this day; and there's some that trace back all the Caergwyn troubles to that hour which John went away, and that hold to it that if he could be found the 'curse' would be lifted off the house."

"You mean if his grave could be found?" suggested Vyvyan.

"His grave or he, one or t'other," answered the old man, shaking his head mysteriously. "Well, the two brothers had been brought up together, as you two lads have been; you may see their pictures in the gallery, with Lady Annabel—that was Sir Vyvyan's wife—between them. John was of a fierce and fiery temper—his mother was of the high family of Gwynmore, and he had her blood in him. But Sir Vyvyan was a good and a brave man, one of the best and bravest of the noble race of Caergwyn. He loved his brother only second to his wife, and when he could rouse himself from the grief of her loss, and no news came from John, he went out into the world to seek him. He sought him through all countries, following wherever he thought he had got a trace, but he never heard word or saw sign of him again. And at last, when his hair was streaked with gray, and his heart within him was broken with disappointment, and with what the Bible calls 'hope deferred,' he came back to Caergwyn to die. It was in the green chamber there in the west tower that he drew his last breath; and there," repeated old Morgan, gathering himself up for the culminating point of interest in his story—"there it is that he has been seen, and he may be seen still, by them that has the gift of second sight. Out of that window he comes, riding on his white horse, on to the terrace below; and there meets him there another horseman, all in black, man and horse alike. And Sir Vyvyan he says to the black horseman, 'Give me back my brother!' and the black horseman laughs aloud as he shouts, 'Win him back if you can! There is a day, and there is a way, but not for you to find!' And he laughs his mocking laugh, awful to hear; and Sir Vyvyan charges at him, as if he would tear the secret out of him. And they meet with a fearful shock, the black horseman and the white, and down, down they go in a deadly struggle, with clash of swords and din of battle, down over the terraces and garden-plots, to the river, and there they are lost in the running water; and to the last the awful mocking laugh is heard which is enough to curdle the blood of those that listen."

There was a silent pause, and the boys, with awed countenances, curiously scanned the narrow mullioned window of the green chamber.

"There is a day and there is a way," absently muttered old Morgan to himself, in his native Welsh; "and Sir Vyvyan's spirit will never know rest until the way be found. Who can tell that it mayn't be for these lads to find it? The times have come back again—there be two brothers, and the old love is as strong as ever. Who can tell? Who can tell?"

Young David, standing by, with the awe of old Morgan's legend still overshadowing him, heard the muttered words, and shivered in the warm sunshine, as if a chill breath from the spirit-land into which he had been peering had passed over him.

CHAPTER II.

INTO the lives of the two lads which had been so long unchanged came changes sudden and momentous, and the glad, primitive freedom drifted away into the past. Vyvyan, grown to man's estate, went, at Doctor Milsom's prompting, to college. David, longing to try his young wings in the same worldward flight, was withheld by wise counsels from the same trustworthy friend. Sir Owen had altered much of late; his old servants hinted that he was breaking up, and he clung to the companionship of at least one of his sons. It would not be well, Doctor Milsom said, that both of them should have him at once. So David remained behind, feeling, with his new longings, and with the blank of his brother's loss, as if the old happy life had lost its savor. Soon, however, there stole into it, as compensation, a new element, as new as it was wonderful.

Half way down the valley, buried in its greenest nook, stood a dwelling-house almost as old as the hall itself, but far less stately in its pretensions, and

also, as humbler estates often are, far less cumbered and oppressive. It was a long, low, irregular building, with tangled shrubberies and green lawns, through which the clear river rippled and curved, sloping down to the very foot of the hills that shut in the fair valley. It had been the Dower House of the family, but all these years, when there had been no dowagers at Caergwyn, it had been untenanted, save by a care-taker—an old servant of the house, who cultivated as much of the wide garden as he needed, bred poultry in the spacious courtyard, and kept the old buildings from falling into decay.

But, not long after Vyvyan made his first plunge into the wider ocean of the world, the thrift of the family steward led him to decide that Little Caergwyn, as it was called, should no longer remain unoccupied and profitless. And later on the great news spread through the valley that tenants had been found, and were coming immediately to take possession—a widow lady, with a young daughter, seeking health and retirement—people from the great world, which was a dim, enchanted region to the simple imagination of the Welsh peasants. And, after much bustle of preparation, much scouring and scrubbing and placing of new furniture within doors, much trimming of superabundant growth and re-shaping of lawn and flower-beds without, the new tenants actually arrived at Little Caergwyn.

It was full Summer then, and the roses were blooming over the low-built Dower House, nestling white and crimson, amidst long trails of perfumed honeysuckle and drifts of foam-like clematis about its quaint old wooden porch. And when young David came one silvery morning, with his shy boy's courtesy, to bid his father's tenants welcome, he met upon the threshold a vision so fair that it remained for ever afterwards upon his entranced fancy. A sweet young girl, with eyes like dewy violets, stood, a fair picture, framed in greenery, blushing rosy blushes to find herself so unexpectedly face to face with a young man, whose wondering admiration the new-comer had not the skill to hide.

"Mamma," she said, afterwards, "he looked like a young god, with his Apollo-head, and his great, clear blue eyes, and his golden curls just touched by the sunlight. I had been standing, you know, looking at the pearly mists rolling away from the wonderful purple mountains, and at the sparkling river and the lovely green world I seemed to have woke up to, and I was thinking it was all like enchantment, and feeling like Beauty when she got up in the morning after her snowy journey in the darkness, and found herself among the roses in the Beast's garden, when Mr. Caergwyn appeared to me. And when he said, 'I beg your pardon; you are Miss D'Este, I believe. I am David Caergwyn,' I felt very much surprised. I shouldn't have been in the least astonished, you know, if he had said, 'I am the divinity of this mountain; I have come out of yonder mists, and—what are you doing on my ground?'"

"He is perfectly charming," said Mrs. D'Este, laughing. "He has such a frank, true countenance, and the manners and tone of a true gentleman. I wonder how he has been brought up. He said he had never been out of Wales in his life."

"Yes," assented Lilius, generally. "I wonder if such young gentlemen as he are so indigenous to the soil—relics of King Arthur and his table round. If so, taking it altogether, Wales is the most enchanting country, and I am very glad we came. Come, Roy—to her dog—you and I are off on a journey of exploration among the wonders of fairyland."

From that morning David's footing in the Little Caergwyn family was established, and a new world was opened to him. The influence, so incalculable for good in the first years of a young man's life, of gentle, cultivated women, was thus brought to bear upon the young fellow, and he yielded himself up eagerly to it. Never, even in his dreams, had he pictured to himself anything so fair and graceful as Lilius D'Este—perhaps because hitherto his dreams had landed from the stream, or the shyest grouse he had winged on the moor; and never in the limited range of his acquaintance had he met with any one like Lilius's mother.

She was of that type of highly refined, fine-natured gentleness whom no worldly experience can taint, no inferior contact degenerate—a fair delicate-featured, gentle-voiced lady, with small white hands and marvelous violet eyes, and soft white hair shaded by dainty laces. A wonderful experience she was to the young man, with her high-bred manners and kindly courtesies, and her tastes of that city-world the murmur of which had hitherto only reached him in faint echoes, almost unheeded in the eager and stultified activity of his country life.

And then the bright boudoir, in which he soon found himself domesticated, amongst gems of art collected in all countries, and prettily litter of woman's work—it was so different from the grim halls in which he had been used to spend his days. He felt such a rough, clumsy fellow among the little womanly daintinesses, the graceful ways of this new household; it was as if a region of delicious enchantment had been revealed to him.

Mrs. D'Este, who had seen so many varieties of men and manners, fell in love with the frank; unspoiled nature, and adopted the young man straightway into her motherly heart.

"If I had a son," said she, "I should have liked him such as David Caergwyn."

"Dear mamma," cried Lilius, with comic pretense of dismay, "don't let your mind run on in that direction; you may come to Miss Betsy Trotwood's state of mind, you know, and reproach me for not being a David."

"I am only too content with things as they are, my darling," said Mrs. D'Este, with more feeling than the occasion seemed to warrant, and she laid her jeweled hand tenderly on the girl's shoulder as she passed to her seat.

Lilius flew to her side in an instant.

"Dear, sweet mother!" she cried, seizing Mrs. D'Este's hand, and fondling it between laughter and tears. "Darling little mother, I love you better than 'ten tall sons,' as the song says, could ever do!"

"Hush!" cries Mrs. D'Este, looking fondly up in the young face. "Here comes David, in good time to carry us off on some fresh exploring expedition." For David was their guide to each and all of the haunts he knew and loved so well, and which thenceforth became linked with a fresh charm of association.

The Summer days sped quickly past, and each one was full of ever new delight. There were early rides in the dewy-scented morning, rambles in the sweet silver moonlight, long sultry days in the cool green woods, where David's clear young voice broke the languid hush with the sweet, sad story of Elaine, the Lily Maid, or the wood-pigeon cooed a tender response to the young, impassioned love of Juliet or the saintly patience of Evangeline. And nature, sitting enthroned in purple glory upon the lofty mountain, held a jubilee of song and blossom in the Welsh valley, and even, in her lavish joy, wooed the Gray House, with fresh wreaths of green, to join in her bright festival.

"It is like a poem," Lilius said to herself a dozen times over, as she threw open her latticed window in the morning, when the golden sunlight was glittering through the dewy branches, or as she lingered, in the fragrant calm of evening, where the rising moon threw trembling shadows over the quiet lawn.

"It is like a poem," echoed Mrs. D'Este to her own fancy, when, at the close of some lovely afternoon, the two young people would wander back to her, where she sat upon her woodland throne, beneath the flickering shade of some grand old beech or elm, David laden with wood treasures, and Lilius's fair young face enwreathed with drooping ferns or garlanded with bright hedge-blossoms.

"Never was poem half so beautiful," pronounced David, as he came back from the verse shadows of the poet to the living, breathing poetry of this lovely Summer world.

Even Sir Owen in his retreat was stirred by the wave which had floated his son into such a pleasant haven. He listened to David's eager, enthusiastic description of the Little Caergwyn ladies, and he noted with silent appreciation the effect of their influence.

One day he found himself so far carried away by the young man's enthusiasm as to debate within himself whether he ought not to make the effort of thanking Mrs. D'Este personally for the friendship which had led to David's being drawn out of the listless apathy into which he had sunk after his brother's departure.

"It is but a few steps from the end of the terrace," said Sir Owen to himself. Nevertheless, although Doctor Milsom, to whom he confided his half-resolve, energetically seconded it, and although goaded and pricked from time to time by old traditions of duty and courtesy, the force of habit still remained, and Summer and Autumn passed away, and even Winter came and went, and the Spring had bloomed again, before accident ripened Sir Owen's hesitating intentions into action.

CHAPTER III.

HOW late he is! I never knew David to be so late before. What possibly can have happened to him?"

It was a bright, breezy morning, a morning when the southwest wind, intoxicated with the incense of all sweet Summer scents, rollicked and rioted irreverently amongst the budding branches of the century-old elm beneath which Lilius waited, switching her riding-whip impatiently, and starting the fiery young chestnut, hot-blooded like all of his color, which her groom was leading up and down in front of her.

"What can have become of David?"

A long cross-country ride had been arranged the evening before, with David for escort, and steady old Hunter, Mrs. D'Este's groom, in attendance. But time was passing; old Hunter was looking significantly from time to time at his watch; the chestnut was arching his slender neck and pawing the ground restlessly from him with his hoof, and David—unprecedented circumstance—was found wanting.

Mrs. D'Este, with a white gossamer-like shawl wrapped about her head, stood looking over the low garden-gate into the wide courtyard. The mother was looking with scarcely disguised admiration at the graceful young figure standing beneath the elm-tree, with one little hand, in its gauntleted riding-glove, raised to shade her eyes as she looked down the road by which David must come; whilst the sunlight, darting through the fretwork screen overhead, frolicked in and out amongst the ripples of her hair. The light of youth and hope was in her eyes, the bloom of health upon her delicate cheek, and all round her and about her a halo of supreme grace and loveliness.

Did David see all this as she dashed up in hot haste? Alas, it was all in his eyes, whilst his lips stammered forth their excuse.

"I ought not to have kept you waiting, but we have had such news? My brother is coming for a few days before he goes abroad, and I had to hunt up old Morgan and make arrangements before I started. To-day or to-morrow," he says, I am so glad that you will see Vyvyan!"

And then he gave his hand to Lilius as she vaulted lightly into the saddle, and only Mrs. D'Este saw how the hand trembled and how the young face flushed as the girl looked down, all unconscious into his eyes.

"Is Vyvyan like you?" she asked, as he arranged her habit.

"Like me?" he echoed. "Vyvyan like me! Why, Vyvyan is a splendid fellow! I never saw any one like Vyvyan—Vyvyan is—"

No, there were no words in which to describe Vyvyan fitly, but the younger brother's eyes dilated and his cheek glowed as he related feat after feat of which Vyvyan was the magnificent hero.

Lilius glanced up at him from time to time from beneath her long lashes, as they rode down the avenue, and was moved with admiration at the brotherly devotion which made so much of Vyvyan and so little of himself. Moreover, she conceived a not altogether unreasonable dislike of this elder brother, who played the hero before the imagination of the generous young fellow, and no doubt exalted himself upon the loving credulity of his junior. Woman-like, Lilius straightway ranged herself on the side of the oppressed, as she chose to consider David, and constituted herself the champion of his simple goodness.

"I shall detest this Vyvyan, with his airs of superiority, and his lordly acceptance of David's homage—as if all the Vyvyan in the world could be equal to David!" thought she, resentfully; and her manner to David grew very sweet and tender. He was her hero, simple and beautiful as his namesake, the shepherd-king of old.

The young man rode along through the scented morning air, his pulses thrilling with a strange new joy, his heart bounding with an undefined triumph. He thought it was because Vyvyan was coming—Vyvyan, whom he had not seen for a whole year and more. Was it indeed so long? How had he lived through the months, which had seemed so interminable when Vyvyan went away, and which were so short now that he looked back upon them? David wondered just a little, and then wonder was swallowed up in the supreme thought, "Vyvyan is coming."

Mrs. D'Este still stood at the gate, and watched the pair as they rode under the arching beeches, appearing and disappearing with the curves of the winding road.

"Poor lad!" said she, and then added, "Happy lad!" and a soft smile broke over her delicate lips, and a little sigh floated up from some region of tender remembrance. He was such a lad—they were such children both of them, in their innocent unreserved companionship. The sweet passing dream was part of his beautiful Arcadia of youth. It would not harm him; nay, how could it harm any one to love her Lilius?

So, with all her knowledge of the world, Mrs. D'Este argued; and, as she stooped to gather a flower on her way back to the house, she said, with just a little latent pricking of uneasiness:

"Still, I must see that it does not go too far."

To her gentle, easily trained spirit the storms and

whirlwinds, the depths and mighty undercurrents of passion were unknown. Love, in her reading, was a harmless poetry, pleasant to enjoy, interesting to listen to, adding a grace and a charm to life and memory, but easily set aside when it jarred against the deeper realities of life, and never irresistible or overpowering except in cases as much outside the gentle lady's sympathy as they were beyond her understanding.

So she smiled and sighed over the revelation in David's eyes, and thought it all a pretty play, as the mothers of young girls just growing into the triumphs of womanhood are very apt to count these things—never heeding that here, as elsewhere in life, sombre shadows overhang the bright sunshine, tragedy is within a step of comedy.

David was riding on, with Vyvyan's praises still on his tongue, and Lilius, with every word that flowed from David's warm young heart, was setting himself more and more against this bepraised brother.

"Why does he come now?" said she, impatiently, as the chestnut tossed his head and curved at an inadvertent touch of the whip. "Steady, Beauty, steady!" patting willful Beauty's neck to soothe his wounded pride. "I thought," turning to David, "your brother was to spend the vacation in Devonshire with a reading party?"

"So he was—so he is," explained David, eagerly; "but now, by some change, he comes home first—only for a few days, but even that is glorious! I fancy Doctor Milson is at the bottom of it," added the young fellow, reflectively. "He was saying last week that Vyvyan should not stay so long away; he thinks my father is looking unwell, and fancies he misses Vyvyan. Doctor Milson is fanciful—my father is the same as usual; but, anyhow, it is a good chance that brings Vyvyan home."

"Vyvyan is coming home to look after his rights," was Lilius's commentary on this. She was, woman-like, heaping up the measure of the imaginary offender's iniquities, wreaking all her little feminine spite upon him and his supposed offenses.

(To be continued.)

INTEMPERANCE IN NEW YORK.

A FEW weeks ago we published the first of an illustrated series of articles on intemperance in New York City, giving statistics from official sources, showing that the majority of arrests made were for drunkenness, and crimes resulting entirely from excessive drinking. According to the best information available, the liquor stores of New York, if vacated, would accommodate a tenement population of 40,000. The city contains 8,620 drinking establishments, which do a business of \$32,812,070 annually, and at the least calculation employ 17,000 men to retail liquors—saying nothing of those engaged in the manufacturing establishments. The New York World says that the amount of rents collected each year from the saloons is enough to pay two-thirds of the present city debt. It is estimated that the money paid for the water sold in adulterated liquors would pay all the Croton water expenses of the entire city, or would pay every Congregational minister in North America a salary of \$1,500 a year, or it would clean the city streets for five years. If statistics possessed any real inherent power of reform, the liquor traffic would have been suppressed long ago. Thousands of tabulated volumes have been published in behalf of temperance, but it is doubtful if they alone have caused many drunkards to cease drinking. Arithmetic never had the least affinity for the appetites, and it never will. The chief value of figures is in appealing to law-makers, and moralists who do not drink, and who think a man's money worth more than his soul. The worst drunkards are often the most brilliant and genial men in society. Their hearts are as tender as a woman's. They detect figures, but a picture or a story excites their emotions and appeals directly to their higher nature.

We publish two illustrations this week, drawn from life, portraying actual scenes in a drunkard's career. On the morning following an arrest for drunkenness, the prisoner is taken from the station-house to the nearest police-court. The Tombs Court is in the neighborhood of the Five Points, and the most densely populated wards in the city. Hither are brought large numbers of unfortunate men and women daily, and often mere boys, and sometimes girls, are tried and sentenced to one of the Islands. An Inebriates' Asylum on Blackwell's Island is for the more confirmed drunkards, who are sent hither by friends or others unable to support them or obtain admission for them into a more pretentious establishment.

Our sketch entitled "Put out your tongue, sir!" represents a man who, while being examined by the doctor, showed symptoms of delirium tremens, whereupon the physician exclaimed: "Put out your tongue, sir!" Additional evidence of approaching paroxysms being discovered, the patient was at once removed to a padded apartment—known as the "horror cell."

MARRIAGE.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN VARIOUS NATIONS.

MARRIAGE is the first and most ancient of all institutions. As the foundation of society and the family, it is universally observed throughout the globe, no nation having been discovered, however barbarous, which does not celebrate the union of sexes by ceremony and rejoicing. The abuses of the institution, as polygamy, infidelity and divorce, have in no manner touched its existence, however they may have vitiated its purity.

The condition of woman in all countries has afforded a fruitful theme for the observation of the traveler, and the speculations of the philosopher and the novelist. It has been uniformly found that the savage is the tyrant of the female sex, while the position and consideration given to woman are advanced in proportion to the refinement of social life. Under the laws of Lycurgus, Numa, and even later lawgivers, the power of the husband over his wife was absolute, sometimes even including the power of life and death. The wife was always defined and treated as a thing, not as a person—the absolute property of her lord. In the earlier ages a man might sell his children or wife indifferently, and relics of this rude custom still survive, even among nations called civilized and Christian.

In the countries of the East, where polygamy is almost universal, marriage is not the sacred tie which it is held to be in Christian countries. In Persia men marry either for life or for a determined time. Travelers or merchants commonly apply to the magistrate for a wife during their residence in any place, the Cadi producing a number of girls for a selection, whom he declares to be honest and healthy. Four wives are permitted to each husband in Persia, and the same number is allowed by the Mohammedan law to the Mussulman.

In Chinese Tartary a kind of male polygamy is highly respected. In Tibet it is customary for the brothers of a family to have a wife in common, and they generally live in harmony and comfort with

her. Among the Calmucks the ceremony is performed on horseback. The girl is first mounted and permitted to ride off at full speed, when a lover takes a horse and gallops after her. If he overtakes the fugitive, she becomes his wife, and the marriage is consummated on the spot. It is said that no instance is known of a girl ever being overtaken unless she really is fond of her lover.

The Arabs divide their affections between their horses and their wives, and regard the purity of blood in the former as much as in their offspring. Polygamy is practiced only by the rich, and divorces are rare.

In Ceylon the marriage proposal is brought about by the man first sending to her whom he wishes to become his wife to buy her clothes. These she sells for a stipulated sum, generally asking as much as she thinks requisite for them to begin the world with. In the evening he calls on her with the wardrobe, at her father's house, and they pass the night in each other's company. Next morning, if mutually satisfied, they appoint the day of marriage. They are permitted to separate whenever they please, and so frequently avail themselves of this privilege, that they sometimes change a dozen times before their inclinations are wholly suited.

In Hindoostan the women have a peculiar veneration for marriage, as it is part of the popular creed that those females who die virgins are excluded from the joys of paradise. In that precocious country the women commence to bear children at the age of twelve, some even at eleven. The proximity of the natives to the burning sun, which ripens men and women as well as plants at the earliest period in those tropical latitudes, is assigned as the cause. The distinguishing marks of the Hindoo wife are the most profound fidelity, submission and attachment to her husband.

On the banks of the Senegal, and among many African tribes, the matrimonial prize most sought after is abundance of flesh. To obtain corpulence is regarded as the only real comeliness. A female who moves with the aid of two men is but a moderate beauty, while the lady who cannot stir, and is only to be moved on a camel, is estimated as a perfect paragon. Nor is this queer fancy for obesity in common confined to the savage of the torrid zone, since we read in Wrexall's "Travels in Russia" that, "in order to possess any eminent degree of loveliness, a woman must weigh at least two hundredweight." The Empress Elizabeth and Catharine II., both accounted very fine women, were of this massive kind.

In Italy matches are made with proverbial levity, and marriage vows, if report speaks true, are easily broken. Young virgins are systematically bartered and sold by their parents, and young people are married who never saw each other before. Concubinage is a constant remedy for these ill-advised and deceitful marriages, and the peculiar Italian *cicisbeo* indicates the indemnity which custom prescribes for the fair sex fettered to husbands unloved.

In France, as has often been remarked, woman monopolizes all the society, and a large share of the business of life. The coffee-houses, the theatres, the shops, the cabarets or drinking-shops, are filled with women. Women lord it at all assemblies, and are better informed and more capable managers than men. Marriage is looked upon not so much as a matter of affection as of interest, and the sacredness of the tie is proportionately slender.

Russia appears to be the most barbarous country in Europe in its treatment of the marriage relation. The nuptial ceremonies, all and singular, are based upon the idea of the degradation of the female. When the parents have agreed upon the match, the bride is examined by a number of women to see if she has any bodily defects. On her wedding-day she is crowned with a garland of wormwood, to denote the bitterness of the married state. She is exhorted to be obedient to her husband, and it is a custom in some districts for the newly married wife to present the bridegroom with a whip, in token of submission, and with this he seldom fails to show his authority. In that cold, cruel country, husbands are sometimes known to torture their wives to death, without any punishment for the murder. If a woman proves barren, the husband generally prevails on her to retire into a convent, and leave him at liberty. If he fails in his persuasion, he is permitted to whip her into obedience.

Such is the slavery in which the Muscovites are kept by their parents and guardians, that they are not allowed to dispute any union agreed upon by their elders, however odious or incompatible it may be. This extends so far that officers in the army are not permitted to marry without the consent of the sovereign, and wives they do not want are sometimes forced upon them.

Whether it be the result of this system of oppression, or of their savage climate, or of the unnatural, hot air of their stove-heated apartments, it is certain that a more unlovely set of women than the Russian would be difficult to find. "They want," says an English traveler, "the genuine flavor which only Nature can give. That charming firmness and elasticity of flesh so indisputably requisite to constitute beauty, and so delicious to the touch, exists not among the Russian females, or in very few of them."

We are told of the Aleutian Islanders, who form a part of our new Russian-American acquisition, that they marry one, two or three wives, as they have the means of supporting them. The bridegroom takes the bride upon trial, and may return her to her parents should he not be satisfied, but cannot demand his presents back. No man is allowed to sell his wife without her consent, but he may, and often does, assign her over to another. This custom, it is said, is availed of by the Russian hunters, who take Aleutian girls for a trifling compensation.

IN THE SOUTH.

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

KNOXVILLE is one hundred and twelve miles northeast of Chattanooga. We left Chattanooga in the early twilight of Tuesday morning. We came to Knoxville over the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, passing through the thriving towns of Cleveland, Athens, Sweetwater and Philadelphia. The last place, however, does not deserve the adjective thriving. It is a quaint and curious tumble-down old burg, looking as though it had taken the dry rot forty years ago and never got the better of it. Poor old, played-out Philadelphia, you appear to be the victim of barrooms and mud and want of paint. In pleasant contrast with this is Sweetwater, a smiling village, with sidewalks, churches, neat cottages with green blinds, gates hung on two hinges, and other surface indications of civilization and enlightenment. I believe there is a paper there, also, given to lengthy articles on the undeveloped resources of East Tennessee. This is a fruitful theme, and one can spin upon it for ever, but when it comes to developed resources, about half a column will do the work.

Knoxville certainly gives indications of solid and substantial growth. It has improved very much within the past year. Extend the corporation line to where it ought to be, and the claim of fifteen

thousand population would not be very far out of the way.

The wholesale trade of Knoxville is greater than that of any two cities in the State put together, excepting Nashville and Memphis. She draws her trade from the rich Tennessee Valley for a hundred miles up and down, and from half a dozen other valleys, small, but rich, which lie along the streams tributary to the Tennessee. In the matter of contiguous agricultural country, Knoxville has immeasurably the advantage of Chattanooga, and always will. This is the basis of her prosperity and wealth. Her merchants sell far up into Kentucky, and down into North Carolina, and even into Virginia. The house of Cowan, McMurphy & Co. sells to the amount of over two million dollars annually, which, for a place the size of Knoxville, is a rushing business. The house is a novelty in its way, selling drygoods, notions, ready-made clothing, boots and shoes, hardware, stationery, and until very recently groceries, all from under one roof. But it is a large roof, covering a building that would do credit to New York, or any other city of the first class. The drug-house of Chamberlin, Ambers & Co. is also worthy of note. In their efforts to build up a wholesale trade the people of Knoxville have met with great success. But they have not neglected manufacturing, and have an iron mill, a nail manufactory, a saddle-tree manufactory and several other enterprises of lesser note, all doing well.

In an agricultural point of view, the finest portion of East Tennessee is around Knoxville. We may say that Knoxville is the centre of it, and hence the substantial growth of the city. Every step forward is held. There are no jumps and jerks, and fits and starts in its progress, or rather starts and fits, with now and then a dip into bankruptcy, as is so conspicuously the case with some other ambitious towns that might be mentioned, but caution and the substantial qualities are its strong points.

The Tennessee Valley, above and below Knoxville, is regarded with much favor by Northern farmers seeking homes in the South. A number of them are about Knoxville, each one usually taking about one-fourth of an average Tennesseean's farm, and raising four times as much off it as the average Tennesseean with his spavined mule and two-inch plow. The Knoxville *Weekly Chronicle* makes the farming interests of Tennessee Valley a specialty, and those seeking information can be filled from that source.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE BURNING OF COOMASSIE.

It was an unfortunate day for the Ashantee people when Sir Garnet Wolseley turned his conquering muskets towards their sombre Coomassie. Our illustration represents the Queen's English putting the finishing touches of war on their capital. The influential citizens are fleeing through the country, while the soldiers are taking care of the "traitors" who linger behind. War hath its victories, and this is one of them.

ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS IN ENGLAND.

After many days of feasting and thanksgiving, the Royal-Imperial couple, the Duke and the Duchess, set sail for England, and we give a sketch of their landing. People who work for a living can have but a faint idea of the inconveniences of a court life. The loving wife of a duke or a king does not ask him to hold the baby while she blacks the stove. The pleasures of an ordinary life are scarcely known within the imperial gates of the palace. We wish the young couple joy, and may their honeymoon be one of sweetness.

STREWING THE ROYAL PATHWAY WITH FLOWERS.

It is an old saying that newly-married people begin life with their path strewn with flowers, which, of course, is true only in a figurative sense. But with the Duke of Edinburgh and his lovely bride of the North the saying proves literally true. Our sketch represents the scene attending their arrival in England. One hundred beautiful girls are seen strewing flowers—costly and rare—before them as they tread the historic soil of Britain.

SAN MIGUEL PLAZA, MADRID.

Madrid is a beautiful city. It has many quiet nooks and corners, shady drives, and gloomy, majestic palaces. But, besides its "architectural specialties," as Mullett might say, its chief charm to the stranger and tourist is its plazas—numerous, cool and beautiful, each with its fountain, its shady trees, and its cool walks.

PAYING A WEST INDIA REGIMENT.

The pleasantest feature of a campaign, to many soldiers, and the one they look forward to with the most pleasure, is the reward, whether in money or booty, which they will get in return for their patriotic services to their country. Evidently the West India gentlemen connected with Her Majesty's service in Ashantee, who are shown in the engraving as about to receive, or having received, their pay, are of this mind, except one or two individuals who have been "docked" of small sums as fines for lack of discipline.

ELECTIONS IN ALSACE-LORRAINE.

The Germans rule with an iron hand in the provinces which they have wrested from France. Their officials and soldiers are everywhere present to teach the peasants who their masters are—a fact which they would be only too glad to ignore and forget. At the recent elections in Alsace-Lorraine of deputies to the German Reichsrath, the ballot boxes were each guarded by a helmeted soldier, for the purpose of preserving order; and, perhaps, to see, like our own Davenport, that the votes were cast for the right persons—or the persons favored by the Government.

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS IN AFRICA.

It has been said that the merchants of Africa penetrate the interior in advance of all travelers, even the official explorers. Scarcely a solitude remains unbroken by their ever-moving caravans. The enterprise of modern journalism, however, is stripping the commercial traveler of some of his glory. The finding of Livingstone in the heart of Africa was a task that appalled even the natives. In war the correspondent braves every danger in his remorseless search for news. Death and bombshells are but incidental inconveniences to him. In our picture of Ashantee war scenes, the African correspondents' quarters at Prah-Su deserves more than a passing glance. Under the shadows of the great trees of the tropics they have erected their offices. It will be seen that the main structure belongs to the New York Herald, while the smaller one on the left is the dwelling place of the London Times man. The *Illustrated London News* artist and the correspondent of the *Standard* bunk with Mr. Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone, who is reveling on his adopted heath once more.

THE OLDEST SENATOR IN SERVICE.—The death of Mr. Sumner leaves Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, the senior Senator in continuous service. Mr. Chandler's term began on the 4th of March, 1857, and he has completed seventeen years' service.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

It is claimed that the revenue from liquors has been reduced in Ohio and Indiana \$300,000 in two months, in consequence of the temperance crusade.... A correspondent of the New York World estimates that there were a million funerals last year in the United States, costing not less than a hundred million dollars. "From my own experience," he continues, "I think it cost not less than two hundred millions."... A telegraph line will be completed along the Springfield, Athol and Northeastern Railroad in a few weeks. Poles were erected for twenty miles last season.... The peach crop in Delaware was somewhat injured by the alternations of heat and cold during the latter part of February.... The Virginia House of Delegates has passed a new Bill regulating the rates of interest at six per cent. The Bill provides that legal interest shall continue to be at the rate of \$6 upon every \$100 for a year, and proportionately for a greater or less sum or for a greater or shorter time.... Coal is selling for nine cents a bushel, delivered, in Lexington, Mo.... Missouri has 1,740 Granges.... In Southwest Missouri 40,000 acres have been bought for a party of French emigrants who are about to settle there.... There are over two hundred cases of mumps in Waldoborough, Me.... Maine puts up nearly 5,000,000 cans of corn annually.... Jay Cooke & Co. amend their bankruptcy schedule, showing that they have about \$1,500,000 less of Northern Pacific Railroad bonds than they supposed.... The Landers, Frary & Clark Company's cutlery works at New Britain, Conn., were burned; loss, \$600,000. The principal business houses at Wooster, O., were also destroyed.... Workingmen's troubles are reported in Michigan, Louisiana and Pennsylvania.... The naval landing and parade took place at Key West.... Sanborn, the fraudster, pleads not guilty.... Camellias are in bloom in the open air at Sacramento.... Pennsylvania talks of establishing a home for aged and infirm printers.... Potatoes cannot be sold for hardly any price around Humboldt Bay, on the Pacific Coast.

FOREIGN.

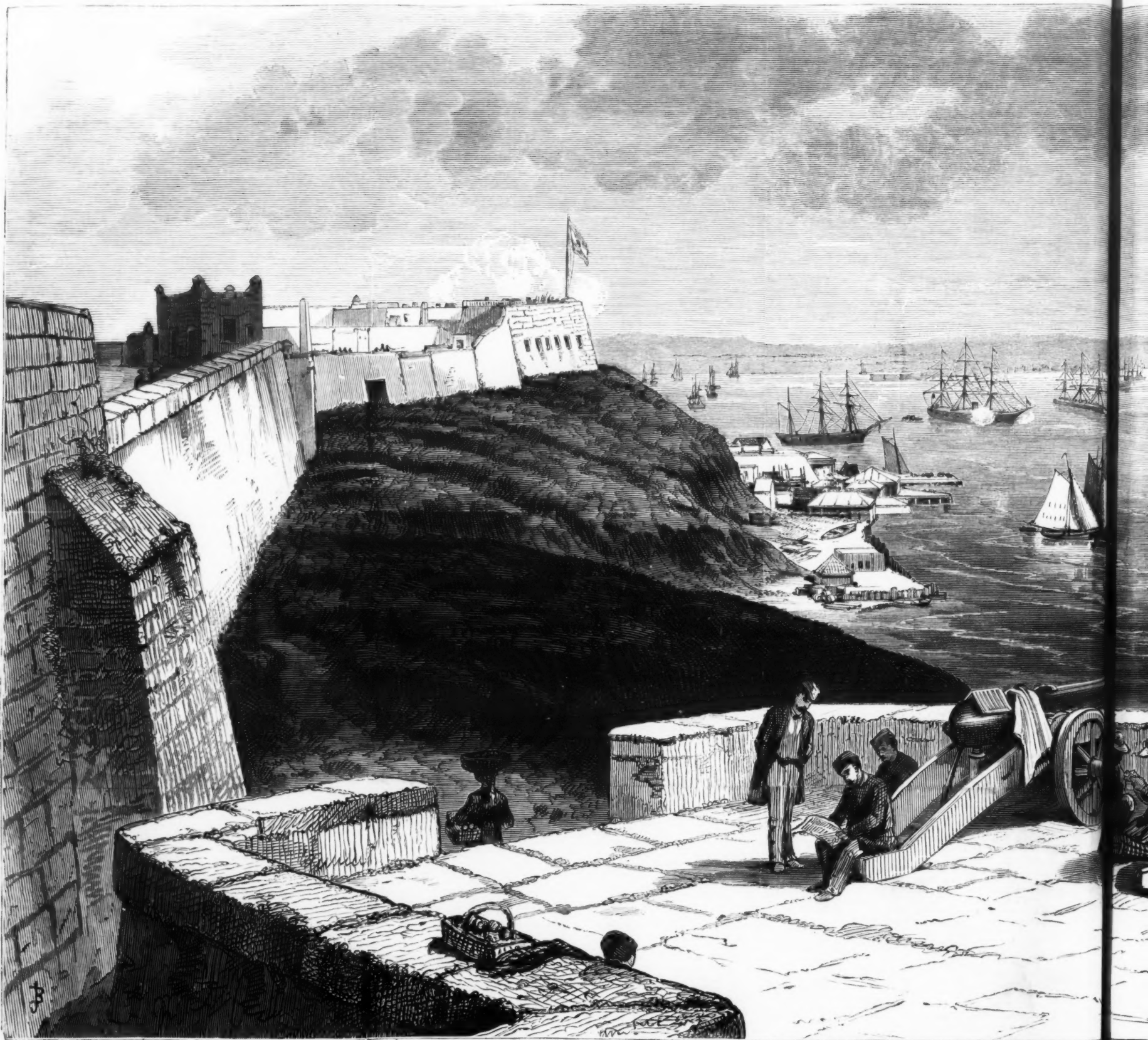
THE tonnage of the vessels which passed through the Suez Canal in February last was 181,200, and the receipts 2,011,000 francs against 166,127 tons and 1,852,132 francs in the same month of 1873, and 111,713 tons and 1,333,040 francs in 1872.... The King of Prussia, the public prosecutor, has discontinued the prosecution against certain ladies, of high Westphalian society, who had signed an address of condolence to Mgr. Ledochowski.... The name of the Kingdom of Poland has just been changed to the Province of Warsaw. A portion of the eastern districts will be shortly embodied with the adjoining provinces of Russia proper. The inhabitants will lose the right of using the Polish language in their intercourse with the subordinate authorities—the only privilege still reminding them of their former independence.... The English Government has just paid £30 to the captor of the first salmon taken in Australian waters, and the question of their successful acclimation is settled.... Permission has been accorded to the Church of England Temperance Society to visit the various garrisons at home, with a view of reclaiming the intemperate in the army and promoting temperance among the troops.... The special correspondent of the *Daily News* in India says he finds general, severe and increasing privation among the lower class. The better classes are not suffering. About one-third of the inhabitants are undergoing slow starvation. Several famine deaths have already occurred. Systematized relief organization is only just being commenced. There has been no rice in the bazaars for a fortnight past.... Parts of Cairo, Egypt, seem quite Europeanized. Broad streets have been laid out, modern edifices abound, gas lamps are seen at every turn, shops like those of London or Paris display their wares in tempting forms, and flaring equipages, with grooms and outriders, dash along. But turn away a few steps from these parts (writes a recent correspondent,) and you pass at once into a genuine Oriental town, full of narrow lanes, or courts, which pass for streets, where camels and donkeys dispute the way with foot passengers.... There are at least one hundred Protestant churches in Italy.... The Dowager Duchess of Richmond is dead.... Prince Bismarck suffers less pain, and his condition is improving.... The steamship *Queen Elizabeth* has been wrecked off Tarifa, Spain, and fourteen persons drowned.... Sir Garnet Wolseley hired all the soldiers he wanted from two African kings at fifty dollars per thousand.... The hands employed in the well-known cutlery firm of Rodgers & Sons are on strike against a reduction in wages.... The woman-suffragists claim two hundred and seventeen members of the new Parliament, a substantial gain, though Jacob Bright is defeated.... The religious people of India are excited over the zeal manifested by the new sect called the Brahmo Somaj. The society seems to be essentially Unitarian, and dates its organization no further back than 1830.... Egyptian agriculture has made great advances during the last decade. The area under cultivation has doubled, and there is greater variety of products and better methods of culture.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ACTION OF WATER ON LEAD.—M. Dumas describes an experiment to determine this action. He placed a quantity of shot in five different bottles, containing respectively a quantity of distilled rain, Seine, Ourcq and well water. He found that in a short time the distilled water showed traces of lead, while those waters that contained calcareous salts gave no indication of lead. The action of pure water on lead, indeed, was found to be surprisingly rapid—the salts in the others preventing such action. The author thinks that pure water differs in properties from ordinary water more than is generally supposed.

IRON IN PLANTS.—Investigation has shown that the presence of iron is necessary for assimilation in the growth of plants and animals. If seeds are placed in cotton-wool supplied with soil without iron, when the iron is exhausted in the seed itself the plant will cease growing. If a little phosphate of iron, however, suspended in water, be kept in contact with the roots, the plant recovers and flourishes again. Iron exists in chlorophyll or the green coloring matter of leaves. Greater luxuriance of vegetation takes place on strong iron soils, from the old red sandstone formation, than on granite soils containing little iron.

A PATENT PIANO-PLAYER.—The latest invention calculated to do away with human skill is a patent piano-player, by which an aspirant for musical distinction can perform the most difficult pieces without the preliminary torture known as practicing, or those horrors to the infant mind called scales. This wonderful machine owes its birth to Paris. It occupies a position in front of the key-board of the piano, and extends from above the key-board to the floor. Over the keys of the piano are keys corresponding to the keys beneath them. These are the fingers of the machine, and they have this advantage over the human hand, that they have a finger for every note. The top of the machine is about one foot in width. It has in the centre two rollers, which are moved by a crank. These carry the music through, and as it passes the piano plays it. The music is on paper, and the notes are made by cutting holes in squares. As these holes pass a certain point they allow a hammer to pass through, and the stroke of that hammer is communicated to its own key on the piano. Each key has its hammer. It only requires that these holes be cut at proper intervals to strike any number of keys in given series. The machine can be adapted to any instrument with keys.



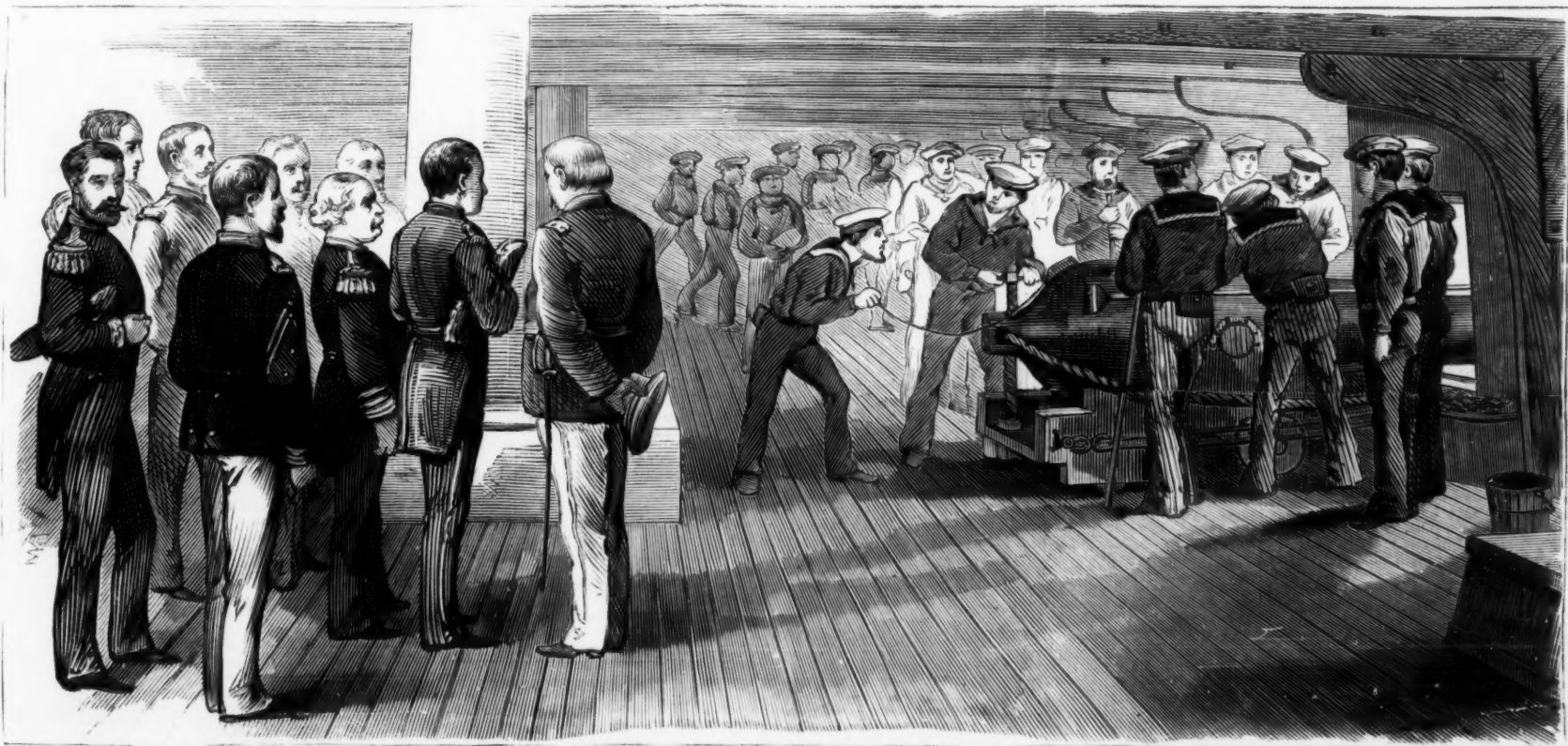
THE UNITED STATES MAN-OF-WAR "WABASH" IN THE HARBOR OF HAVANA, CUBA.



ADMIRAL CASE RECEIVING CAPTAIN-GENERAL JOVELLAR ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES MAN-OF-WAR "WABASH," IN THE HARBOR OF HAVANA, CUBA.—SKETCHED BY HARRY A. OGDEN.



AVANA, LEAVING CAPTAIN-GENERAL JOVELLAR.—FROM SKETCHES BY HARRY A. OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 75.



CAPTAIN-GENERAL JOVELLAR ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES MAN-OF-WAR "WABASH."—EXERCISING THE MEN AT THE GUNS.—SKETCHED BY HARRY A. OGDEN.

THE VICAR: A GENRE PICTURE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

HOW slowly creeps the hand of Time
On the old clock's green mantled face!
Yea, slowly as those ivies climb,
The hours roll round with patient pace;
The drowsy rooks caw on the tower,
The tame doves hover round and round;
Below, the slow grass hour by hour
Makes green God's sleeping ground.

All moves, but nothing here is swift;
The grass grows deep, the green boughs shoot;
From east to west the shadows drift;
The earth feels heavenward under foot;
The slow stream through the bridge doth stray
With water-lilies on its marge,
And slowly piled with scented hay,
Creeps by the silent barge.

All stirs, but nothing here is loud:
The cushat broods, the cuckoo cries;
Faint, far up, under a white cloud,
The lark thrills soft to earth and skies;
And underneath the green graves rest;
And through the place, with faint footfalls,
With snowy cumbrie on his breast,
The old gray Vicar crawls.

And close at hand, to see him come,
Clustering at the playground gate,
The urchins of the schoolhouse, dumb
And bashful, hang the head and wait;
The little maidens curtsy deep,
The boys their forelocks touch meanwhile;
The Vicar sees them half asleep,
And smiles a sleepy smile.

Slow as the hand on the clock's face,
Slow as the white cloud in the sky,
He cometh now with tottering pace
To the old vicarage hard by.
Smothered it stands in ivy leaves,
Laurels and yews make dark the ground;
The swifts that circle beneath the eaves,
Wheel in still circles round.

And from the portal, green and dark,
He glances at the church-clock old—
Gray soul! why seek his eyes to mark
The creeping of that finger cold?
He cannot see, but still as stone
He pauses, listening for the chime,
And hears from that green tower intone
The eternal voice of Time.

THE SECRET OF THE COTTONWOOD.

A TALE OF FLORIDA.

BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER VII.—WAS IT LISETTE?

SINCE Mrs. Senter had, in a measure, made him her friend and confided to him her reasons for her somewhat peculiar conduct during their past intercourse, Charles Vallon had not gone to Conception Street, as he would have done had he remained on the footing of a mere business acquaintance. And, after he had heard of the death of her husband, a delicacy of feeling, entirely his own, and due not at all to the lady's desire for an absence of scandal grounds, kept him for a time away. He knew very well for what he should go if he went to that cool little sitting-room. But it would not have been polite to have staid away altogether. And he was polite.

Lisette, bright little thing as she was, became less and less to him every day. But she did not seem to see that. He went with her to parties of pleasure; and in such matters of feminine business in which from time to time she found herself involved, Monsieur Vallon was always relied upon for advice and assistance. Her parents, too, began to talk to him of their affairs, and it had been some time since they had looked upon him as a mere lodger. If he was not already a member of the family, it mattered little. Everything in that connection seemed but a question of time.

It was early in the Summer of 1862, some two years after his arrival in Mobile that an endeavor was made to settle this question of time.

As Vallon was going to his business after breakfast one morning, he was stopped by old Monsieur Petry, the parent paternal of Lisette.

Good, round old Petry drew the young man into a room on the ground-floor—a private room, dusky and a little musty. In a word—the *salon*.
"Ah, Monsieur Charles?" said the old man.
"How long will your good face be when it shall be one year more?"

"My face?" said Vallon, raising his eyebrows.
"Yes, yes, yes!" said Petry, tapping him on the knee.
"We see it—I, my wife and my Lisette. Come, then! Let us be plain and open with each other. Is it Lisette?"

Vallon answered not a word. With his elbow on the table, and his chin in his hand, he questioned himself. Was it Lisette? And if not, who was it? Was it possible that it could be any one else?

"You are doing very well now," said the old man—and there was no doubt but that he knew that for a certainty—"and you do not seem to desire to return to France, and give up your prospects here." That was true. Vallon had frequently heard from his family, and he had, long ago, saved the money for his passage; but he seemed to have forgotten his ardent desire for his native land.

"And it seems to me," said the old gentleman, "that a young man of your age, business prospects, and—visage," added he, with a smile, "ought to be married. And so just tell me plainly whether it is Lisette or not?"

Vallon still sat silent. Could it be possible that it would have to be Lisette?

There was a possible phase in his life, when it might just as well be Lisette as not.

But should he expect that phase?

Vallon rose.
"Monsieur Petry," said he, "you do me very great honor to talk with me thus. I have wished to tell you of my affairs. But not now. To-night I will see you, and all shall be plain and open, as you say."

And away he went. But not down to the warehouse. No; he hurried, almost ran, to Conception Street.

Mother and daughter were both in the sitting-room when he arrived, and he had hardly been seated when up pipes Anna.

"We had almost forgotten that there was such a person. I was quite a little girl when you were here last."

"Well," said her mother, "you are not four weeks older now."

"Indeed," said Anna, "I thought it was a year."

And how is Miss Lisette? She of the red heels, I mean. But the red is all worn off now."
"Anna," said Mrs. Senter, "How disrespectfully you are talking of Mr. Vallon's friends."
"But it is, mother," said the child. "I walked behind them not a week ago, and there was not a speck of red left."
"You foolish creature!" said her mother, with a smile. "As if she would wear red-heeled boots in the street!"

Vallon shut his teeth tightly. Was it possible that she should smile while that child was going on in such a horrible way?

And then they talked of the weather, while Anna got her hat and her books.

"Now, Monsieur Vallon," said the girl, "if you are going to your great store, we can go together for several streets. I shall be de—"

"Anna," said her mother, "do you not know that such invitations are very impolite?"

"Oh, then I beg your pardon, Monsieur Vallon, you know you do go to the store about this time, and I thought you might be going my way now. But you must excuse me. I will wait a little while."

But despite all this, Vallon did not stir. He only smelt at a bouquet on the table, and said that he was taking a little holiday to-day.

"A holiday?" cried Anna. "And, oh, mother, may I—"

"Anna," said Mrs. Senter. "You must go to school directly. It is past your time already."

Anna stood for a moment, and then, swinging her bag of books, she started off.

"Good-by, Mr. Vallon," she cried. "Give my love to Miss Lisette."

After such an introductory act as this, it was no use to mince matters in the rest of the performance. Vallon had shown that he had come for a purpose, and the quicker he made his purpose known the better.

"Madame," said the poor fellow. "I came here because—because of my landlord."

"Your landlord?" she exclaimed. "Why, what is the matter with him? He is a very nice man, I think you told me."

"Yes—nice," said Vallon, "but very disagreeable."

"Nice and disagreeable!" said the lady, laughing. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Madame," said Vallon, rising. "I love you."

Now, this was more to the purpose.

It has been said that Mrs. Senter was beautiful, but now—her rare features all of a glow with the abruptness of this attack, and a sudden light trembling in her dark eyes—Vallon stood entranced.

Oh, poor Lisette!

"Monsieur Vallon," said the lady, softly, "do you forget that I have been twice married?"

"I only know," said he, "that you have never been married to me."

She looked up.

It was enough!

Half an hour afterwards they were sitting on the sofa, asking each other those questions which are nearly always asked in the first thirty minutes of an engagement.

"When did all this devotion begin, may I ask?" said she.

"When you told me to leave you and your concerns, and go and love another," said he.

"I thought so," said she; "but that was too soon."

And then he said:

"And me—when did you first love me?"

"Do you know," said she, "that I forget the exact day?"

It was some minutes after that that the lady remarked:

"But you have not told me what your nice, disagreeable landlord had to do with all this?"

And then he told her, and she said:

"Poor Lisette!"

Anna came home earlier than usual that morning. Having had the idea of a holiday impressed on her youthful mind, she managed to get away from school after but a very short morning session.

When she entered the room, she started. She saw in an instant that something had happened.

Her mother, like a sensible woman, took her immediately to her side, and told her of their new relations to Mr. Vallon.

"Oh!" said Anna, to the beaming gentleman, "no wonder you didn't want to go with me. Well, I suppose it's all right; but I think I ought to know beforehand about new fathers."

That afternoon, as Vallon sat at his desk, gazing through the open window before him at a very interesting warehouse on the other side of the street, the senior member of the firm came up to him.

"Mr. Vallon," said he, with a very queer expression on his usually grave countenance, "we have such a profound faith in your skill as an accountant, that we would back your calculations against an ordinary arithmetic for a very large sum. But I wish you would tell me, in strict confidence, whether it is your firm belief that seventeen and nineteen, when added together, make twenty-eight?"

Vallon took the bill, which a few minutes before he had written, and gazing at it for an instant, said, with a blush:

"Pardon, sir! I made a mistake here. I was thinking of something else that was twenty-eight."

And he sat to work to make out a new bill.

His employer stood leaning on his desk.

That peculiar expression was still on his face.

"Mr. Vallon," said he, "how old are you?"

"I?" said Vallon, looking up, with a start. "I am in my thirtieth year."

"Then you will make a well-matched couple, as far as age goes. Allow me to congratulate you. We always prefer that the gentlemen in our employ should be married."

Vallon stood up. His face was perfectly blank.

"But, sir," said he, "how did you know that?"

"Know it?" said the other, laughing. "When a man who has been as blue as indigo for months takes a morning's holiday, and comes back a joyful ignoramus, how could I help knowing it? Again, sir, I congratulate you!" and he extended his hand.

If there was a little joking that afternoon, Vallon did not care; and when he left the store he had his promised talk with old Petry.

As delicately as he could he informed him that it was not Lisette.

Monsieur Petry sat silent for a few minutes. His face now assumed a degree of longitude.

At length he spoke.

"Monsieur Vallon," said he, "my good friend, Henry Chomeaux, but yesterday informed me that two rooms of his house were vacant. If you delay in securing them they may be engaged. It would be better to see him immediately, and your baggage can be sent to you."

There was no particular answer to be made to so plain a proposition as this, and Vallon went to see Monsieur Chomeaux.

When the rooms had been secured he went back to the house of Petry to pack up his effects.

While thus engaged, to him entered Madame Petry.

"Monsieur Charles," said she—she was always familiar with him—"is it then true that you have secured the rooms of Henry Chomeaux?"

"Yes, madame," said he. "Monsieur Petry—"

"Do you know," said she, "that Monsieur Petry is a fool?"

Monsieur Vallon did not know that.

"But he is," said the good lady; "and I shall send the little black girl to tell Henry Chomeaux that his rooms are still for rent. Is it that we are tricksters? Is it that you should be the husband of our daughter that we hired you our rooms? If it had been that you had talked of love to the little Lisette, Monsieur Petry should call you to the combat. As it is, he is a fool. I go to replace in your bureau your linen."

So Monsieur Vallon did not hire those two rooms of Henry Chomeaux.

The next day Lisette was, if anything, a trifle merrier than usual. But the ball season was over.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE SEABRIGHT BOX.

THERE is nothing that makes good Father Time more lively than to be pricked up with the arrows of Cupid, and a year and a half passed very rapidly over the heads of some of our characters. And now it was a charming day in December. It was like a glorious day of Summer—deftly iced.

On that blissful morning there sailed into the mouth of the St. Johns River a vessel with sides all wet with the waters of the warm Gulf Stream. She was a schooner, and after she had gayly crossed a corner of the Gulf of Mexico, and had safely passed the Tortugas and the reefs, had run bravely up the Atlantic coast of Florida. But now things were somewhat different. It was very slow sailing up the St. Johns. The amount of tacking that was found necessary became perfectly unendurable to Anna Seabright.

"Papa," said she, "how far will we have to go up this tiresome river?"

Vallon smiled.

"They tell me," said he, "that we will not have to sail more than fifty miles from the mouth of the river to reach a point due west from St. Augustine."

"And that is the point you want?" said Anna.

"Yes, that is the point I want."

"Will it be a day more?" she asked.

"Yes," said Vallon; "there will be no moon to-night, and we shall anchor. To-morrow we will reach the end, or, rather, the middle, of our journey, for, you know, we shall have to go back."

"I'm glad of it," said Anna, "and the next time I go on a bridal trip I shall take a husband along."

Anna had not had a very pleasant time. For the first few days the novelty of sailing over the water was delightful, but she soon became used to that; and she found that her mother and her new papa were worse than no company at all, for if it had not been for them she might have had nice talks with that long-legged captain and the four sailors.

It had been scarcely two weeks since the wedding-day of Mr. and Mrs. Vallon. They had elected to take, as their bridal trip, a journey to the location of the celebrated tin box. If they found it, it would be delightful to do so together. If they failed, how charming to spend the honeymoon on those charming Southern waters!

Months ago Vallon had offered to go and make a search for the box, but his lady-love had forbidden him. His business prospects were entirely too good to make it advisable for him to leave Mobile for an indefinite time, with an exceedingly indefinite object.

He had shown an aptitude for mercantile pursuits which neither he nor any one else had supposed he possessed, and instead of now intending a return to France, he had applied to his family to send him such funds as would have fallen to his share had he remained at home, that he might invest them in his new business.

But a holiday after his wedding he would take, at any event, and what spot on earth so suitable to visit as this?

As they sailed over seas that were always Summer seas, Mrs. Vallon felt as if the days of romance and love were just about to begin. When a mere girl she had married an elderly man, who was always a dear friend to her. When a very young woman, she had married a man she expected to love, but who, as she soon found, was worthy of nothing she had to give him. And now she was the wife of the first man who had ever touched her heart; who had ever been her lover.

The great blue heron that flew before the vessel, leading the way up the bright broad river; the dark-winged eagle that circled high above the masts; the gayly-plumed ducks that flashed in long lines around the craft; the deer that came down to the banks to gaze with soft eyes upon the great white sails; the very alligators that lay upon the banks and placidly regarded the slowly floating bark, could never expect to look upon a vessel freighted with brighter hopes.

And everything grew stiller, softer, more fragrant, more beautiful, more hazy, darker and grander until night and the anchor fell.

In the morning there was a breeze from the northwest, and they sailed away merrily. At about an hour or so past noon Vallon desired of Long John, the captain, that he would take an observation, and determine if they had not nearly reached the meridian of St. Augustine. Long John had just given the helm to a sailor, with orders to tack for the western shore, when Anna called out:

"Oh, papa! What is that?"

Her father turned his eyes to the east bank, from which the bow of the schooner was slowly turning, and there he saw—

What?

There stood the young cottonwood-tree, proudly erect in its tropical vigor, and there, on its breast, in full view of all who cared to see, glittered the red beads of the moccasins.

The lemon-tree that had so truly and lovingly clasped the cottonwood and protected its secret in the day of danger was no longer a trusty friend; no more a heavy shield, impenetrable to eye of man. One-half of its luxuriant growth had been stricken down by a tempest's rage, and lay dead upon the ground, and the other half, bending low, as though it knew the rightful one had at last appeared, hung humbly away from the trunk of the cottonwood.

And there hung the moccasins—the sign that had been so earnestly sought for by evil-minded and by honest seekers.

"How that red thing glistens in the sun!" cried Anna.

"Papa, what can it be?"

But Vallon answered not a word.

No observations now.

Quick, Long John—the anchor! There will be a landing here.

As the schooner slowly swung around with the current, Vallon ordered a boat to be immediately lowered.

"And now, my dears," said he to his wife and Anna, "I shall go ashore, and the mystery of that box will soon be solved."

Full of the bright excitement of the moment, Vallon snatched up a pair of oars from the deck, and hastened to the side of the vessel, where they were lowering the boat.

Mrs. Vallon stepped up to him and touched him on the shoulder.

"And I, Charles—may not I go?"

"Certainly," cried Vallon, "and Anna, too."

And now all three sat in the little boat and pushed off from the schooner. Long John, leaning over the side, advised him, if they wished to go ashore, to row down the river a half-mile or so. They had passed a much better place for landing than that just opposite.

But Mr. Vallon did not think so.

And now they touched bottom, and, as Long John had said, it was a very bad place for landing. But Vallon jumped out into the mud and water, and pulled the boat high up, so that the ladies could step on shore with dry feet.

"And this is the tree?" said Mrs. Vallon.

"Yes!" cried her husband. "See, up there is the moccasins!"

Mrs. Vallon put her hand upon the tree, with a smile that might have been one of gratitude. Her husband saw it, and said:

"But wait, Louise. There may be nothing to be thankful for."

Louise smiled again.

"Indeed?" said she.

They had been very thoughtful, they discovered, as soon as they had pulled up the ferns and long reeds at the foot of the tree.

They had brought nothing to dig with.

It would take so long to go back to the vessel. And their hands would not do, for there were so many little roots.

Ah! There was the hunting-knife sticking up. It would be very fit that that which buried the secret should dig it up again.

When Vallon reached up to the knife, he found that it was now imbedded deeply in the wood, and that the expanding trunk had pushed the moccasins along the rusty blade until it was half way to the handle. The leather was brown and stiff and shrunken; but the beads shone red and defiant in the sun.

He had much difficulty in releasing the knife; but after tugging and working at it, he at last drew it from the tree.

"Give me the moccasins!" said Mrs. Vallon. "As Anna is to have the tin case, I must have something."

"I am to have the tin thing!" exclaimed Anna.

"Oh, yes! I had forgotten. It was sent to me, wasn't it?"

"Your name was certainly on it," said Vallon, digging away with his knife, until the sand flew like rain around him. "And I only hope I may be able to show it to you. If that box is gone," said he, pausing for a moment to wipe his face, "it will be the meanest thing that ever happened."

"Mean!" cried Anna, as with eager young hands she pawed viciously down at the bottom of the hole.

"Mean's no word for it—and, oh! oh! Come out of this, you—"

and, purple in the face, she jerked herself backward, and fell prostrate on the sand; and in her upraised hands she held triumphant—the tin box of the Seabrights.

The people on the schooner wondered what that shout could mean. Had they found a "tortie"?

"Don't take it to the ship!" cried Mrs. Vallon.

"Let us open it here—up there under those beautiful trees."

And all in a cluster, they sat down under the wide magnolias.

"And it is all mine?" cried Anna, her eyes like diamonds. "But, papa," said she to Vallon, who was working away at the soldering of the tin top with his knife. "I am not twelve yet. Can I have it so soon as that? If I can, I'll divide it into three parts, and—"

Here the top came off.

No one spoke now.

As fast as his trembling fingers would allow him, Vallon drew from the box several parchments and a letter.

They were all sound and perfect.

He opened the largest, and glanced over it.

"Here, Louise," he cried; "take it and tell me what it means. Your English forms perplex me."

Mrs. Vallon took the parchment, and began at the top.

"Jane!" said she.

"Jane! Who's Jane?" cried Anna, pushing her head over her mother's shoulder.

Mrs. Vallon dropped the parchment, and snatched another. Then she hastily glanced at the third. Then she sprang upon the letter.

And now she sat still, and looked at her husband and daughter.

"Well?" said both, in a breath.

"This property," said she, "to which these deeds relate, belonged to Anna Jane Seabright, Mr. Seabright's sister."

"But aunt is dead!" cried Anna.

"Then, still—"

"But no," interrupted his wife. "Her will left all her property, without reservation, to her mother's family, the Greens of Pennsylvania."

Vallon sat silent.

Anna's lips trembled.

"And shall I have none?" said she.

They all looked at each other.

Then, all together—even Anna could not help it—they broke out into a ringing laugh.

"It will much comfort the Greens of Pennsylvania, this trip of ours," said Vallon.

"They're having fine times over there," said the men in the schooner.

"But why did that man send it to me," said Anna, "if it wasn't for me at all?"

"He did not send it to you," said her mother.

He learned that Anna Seabright lived at St. Marks, and I suppose he thought, of course, that that person was your aunt. He never heard of you."

would be to the advantage of Anna; but I would not be at all surprised if, by the time she is of age, we can give her all the fortune she needs."

Vallon deserved that sudden kiss; and if it caused a blush to an observant deer or bird, to such be the shame.

"Mother," said Anna, as they all walked down to the boat, "perhaps if those deeds had not been lost, and that property had been all right, you might never have—"

"There now, Anna; that will do," said her mother.

They did not weigh their anchor that day. They preferred to lay by there for the night, and sail down the river in the morning.

As the sun was slowly setting behind the live-oak and cypress forests on the western bank, Vallon and his wife sat together on the deck of the schooner.

"I always had an idea that that tin-case affair would come to nothing," said the lady.

"Come to nothing!" said her husband, with a world of love in his eyes. "Can you say that?"

It was still quite light on the deck of the schooner, and so they only looked at each other.

On the eastern shore, on a hummock of reeds, there lay an old alligator. He had seen everything. He had swam beneath the raft when Vallon and the Indian crossed the St. Johns; he had seen the fruitless paddlings of the vicious Senter; he had heard the sage reflections of Solemn Water, when he passed, in his canoe, the hidden moccasins; he had seen the landing and return of the little family to-day; and now he lay and watched the schooner which was so soon to sail away as rich as it came.

All was over! He gave his tail a contemptuous flap, and grunted.

Long John, from the deck of the schooner, had been watching him; and now that deadly marksman raised his rifle, and—crack!—a ball entered the eye of the alligator, and he rolled over into the still waters.

It served him right. There was nothing to grunt at.

THE END.

THE GREAT ICE AGE.

THE correlation of evidences yielded by the geological investigation of the British Isles, Scandinavia, Northern Russia, and North America, tends to place it beyond doubt that the climatic conditions and the superficial aspect of those countries, whether simultaneously or not, were at a remote period identical with those presented by Greenland in our day. Switzerland, in some degree similar to them in respect of its abiding glacier system, has ceased to present a precise parallel, the glacial sheet having so shrunk as no longer to cover the level plains. Further proofs indicate a succession or alternation of climates with their accompanying geological changes. A milder temperature followed upon the extreme cold of the first and greatest Ice age. The glaciers retreated. From the melting ice masses, or *mers de glace*, large rivers flowed downwards to the sea, eroding and denuding the rocks and depositing river gravel and diluvium, which, as the climate became warmer, were interspersed with remains of animals which made their way northward from temperate and even sub-tropical zones—the elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus among them. A wide land surface, Mr. Geikie maintains, thickly overspread with forest, is proved to have existed by the deposits of Great Britain and their fossil contents, although in Scotland the only animal remains discovered have been those of water-rats and frogs. The freshwater beds of this period, he bids us at the same time remember, were at a later date submerged and remodeled by the action of the sea. It is a mistake, he urges, to maintain that no remains of the old land surface in England prior to such submergence still exist, or that there are no English river gravels that can be correlated with the lignite beds of Switzerland. Nor are the "middle sands" of Lancashire, as has been generally believed, the only representatives we have in England of the first pre-glacial epoch. On the contrary, our author brings forward manifold proofs that glacial or river gravels of that age do exist, and they have been erroneously referred to post-glacial times. In a note of great value he accumulates proofs to the same effect from the river deposits of Switzerland and Piedmont, which have had the benefit of the judicious criticism of Signor Gastaldi. What gives the problem its great importance is its bearing upon the antiquity of man, with which we are here brought face to face. It is in these deposits that the earliest traces of man have been detected; and the question is whether, as has been generally believed by geologists, including Sir C. Lyell, these deposits are of post-glacial date. That they are not of this later date, but that they testify to the co-existence of man with the earliest or at least the intermediate stages of the great Ice age, is the main thesis of Mr. Geikie's work.

A broad gap has been established by archaeologists between the implements or weapons of the first and second Stone ages. Not only do the works of the first or palæolithic series differ from those of the neolithic period in point of finish or polish, but they are found in positions and at heights where those of neolithic make are never met with. Investigations of caves such as Kent's Cavern, near Torquay, have shown the existence of deposits in successive layers. Under blocks of fallen limestone, sometimes cemented together by stalagmite from the percolation of water holding carbonate of lime in solution, we come upon a thin layer of mold, and then upon stalagmite from one foot to five feet in thickness yielding remains of sub-tropical animals and a human jaw, below which is red cave-earth, five feet thick in parts, with more animal bones and neolithic implements. Beneath this is a floor of stalagmite in some places twelve feet thick, with bones of the cave-bear, and under it a bed of breccia and red loam, with remains of the cave-bear and implements of the palæolithic age. What time must we conceive to have elapsed during the deposition of this lowest stratum, and by what interval is it separated from the later age marked by works of the neolithic series? Certain remains of the Romano-British age have been found in the same cave covered with stalagmite nowhere exceeding six inches, this amount representing a lapse of nearly two thousand years. How long palæolithic man occupied these caves ere he left his final traces we cannot tell, but after these untold ages he disappeared for ever, and with him vanished many animals now locally, if not wholly, extinct. At all events, no gradual passage, but a break sharp and abrupt, however vast the interval of time it represents, is seen between the neolithic deposits and the underlying palæolithic accumulations.

A convergent series of proofs is supplied by certain river deposits, on which Mr. Geikie lays much stress. By the aid of a diagram from Sir John Lubbock's *Pre-Historic Times*, he makes clear the difference of level at which sundry of our present rivers and other streams now scarcely represented flowed in remote ages, as shown by the shelves or terraces of gravel and loam which denote successive levels of erosion. At heights far above the existing river bed are found among these deposits flint im-

plements always of the palæolithic series, betokening the time when man lived at this height above the existing river level. The Thames during the palæolithic age had time to excavate its valley to a breadth of four miles and a depth of not less than a hundred feet. When palæolithic man lived in the South of England, the Isle of Wight formed part of the mainland, a range of chalk downs, at least six hundred feet in height, running east from the Isle of Purbeck, and joining on to the Needles. The bed of the present Solent was filled by a large river, in which the rivers that now traverse Dorset united with the Avon and the Stour, Southampton Water forming another affluent of the same great stream. The gravel bed of this ancient river is now found capping the cliffs of the mainland at heights ranging from fifty to one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea. A vast period must have intervened ere these rivers cut their way down to the present level, prior to which palæolithic man disappeared, a wide blank or hiatus separating his age from that of his neolithic successor.

No less marked than the successive types of men pointed out by the study of these caves and gravels are the groups of animals yielded by the respective deposits. Three great divisions or groups of mammalian remains have been recognized in the drift, representing Southern, Arctic, and Temperate species, and pointing to climatic conditions corresponding to as many zones of temperature. That changes of an extreme kind must have taken place in the climate of the British Islands would appear to be an irresistible conclusion. For that species so diverse could have lived side by side together is beyond our powers of conception. In the first, or sub-tropical group, we find the lion, the tiger, the spotted hyena, two extinct species of elephant and two of rhinoceros, an extinct tiger, *Felis cæffir*, and the hippopotamus. In the second, or Northern group, occur the glutton, the reindeer, the musk-sheep, the pouched marmot, the Alpine hare, the lemming, the extinct mammoth, and woolly rhinoceros. The third, or temperate group, comprises the bison, the great urus, the grizzly bear, the now extinct cave-bear and Irish elk, with the lynx, wild boar, wild cat, and beaver. The palæolithic deposit also yields remains of the panther, wolf, and fox—animals which bear more extreme vicissitudes of climate. How then are we to account for the presence in the British Islands of the denizens of such widely varying climates? The theory of strongly contrasted Summers and Winters during which extreme migrations of the fauna of Northern and Southern zones took place into Britain, joined as it probably was at the time to the Continent, is set aside by Mr. Geikie, although supported by the fact of the large annual migrations which are known to occur in Siberia and North America. With glaciers filling the mountain gorges in Scotland, the North of England and Wales, and frost binding rivers a great part of the year, could the hippopotamus find waters warm enough or fare of a sort and quantity to his liking? Could he brave the climate, even if protected, as some have conjectured, like the rhinoceros and mastodon, with a coat of hair or wool? To be sure large glaciers still exist in the Alps, and much greater ones fill the upper valleys of the Himalayas, yet the low grounds at their bases enjoy warm and genial climates. Such differences, however, exist between the geographical conditions of our country and each of those regions as to render nugatory any inference to be drawn from these considerations.

The difficulty is, indeed, one of the most arduous within the whole range of geological research, and it is not strange that Mr. Geikie's treatment of it leaves it still enveloped in doubt. He has, indeed, not a little encumbered himself by the assumption that no change of any consequence has taken place in the distribution of land and water, and in the consequent set or flow of oceanic and aerial currents within the period of the Ice age. The view relied on by Sir Charles Lyell, and the school represented by him, that alternate groupings of land around the equator and the poles have been the chief cause of such extreme changes of climate, is set aside by him as both unsupported by evidence and inadequate in itself to explain the phenomena in question. He does, indeed, recognize the influence of the equatorial set from the Atlantic, known as the Gulf Stream, in mitigating the climate of the British Islands. But, then, this influence was, he holds, equally at work during the whole period of these mighty changes. Nor does he consider that much difference would be made by changes such as that of the Mediterranean forming dry land, or (we may infer) Northern or mid Africa being under water. His speculations on the existing isothermal and isochimical lines of Europe and Asia, connected with what he conjectures to have been the climatic conditions of former ages, lead him to the hypothesis of causes wholly beyond those of a geographical kind, exterior, indeed, to the earth itself. It is on the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, combined with the precession of the equinoxes, that Mr. Geikie eventually rests for the solution of the problem. Putting forward as he does the "calculations of astronomers" in proof that the position of the earth relatively to the sun some two hundred thousand years ago was such as to account for the Arctic state of the Northern hemisphere at large, we should have been glad to know what names eminent in astronomy have been appended to the hypothesis of Mr. Croll. We might further ask what proofs beyond the weight of their names the "eminent physicists and geographers" elsewhere spoken of have to adduce for the theory which forms part of the scheme of Mr. Geikie and Mr. Croll, that the great constant currents of the ocean, extending as they do in cases to four or five thousand miles in length, many hundreds of miles in width, and four or five miles in depth, are set in motion at the rate of four or five miles an hour all the year round by the trade winds rapping their surface for a few months in the year. That these currents, whether stirred by these periodical winds or by the direct action of solar heat, combined with the earth's rotation, have had a great deal to do with the climatic changes of our hemisphere, we are as much convinced as Mr. Geikie can be. The question is, whether they have not had all or nearly all to do with them. Let us take the hemisphere as it exists now. In Greenland, our author has shown, we have before our eyes a counterpart of what Scotland, if not all England, was like according to the views of extreme glacialists. The southern point of Greenland comes down well within a degree of the latitude of the northern point of Scotland. What is needed to render possible the extension of the ice sheet, already coming down thus far, a few degrees further? Were not Greenland abruptly bounded by the sea, where could we pretend to limit its possible extension? And were but the configuration of our own seaboard other than it is—the Atlantic current away, and prevalent polar winds taking its place,—might not climatic effects ensue greater far than those due to any hypothetical change of three or four degrees in the inclination of the earth's axis, or any extra freezing in aphelion Winters? For alternations of temperature as extreme as any implied in the presence of Arctic and subtropical fauna within periods by no means remote, if not within the compass of an annual

migration, we need look no further than to the United States of our day. The temperature of New York varies within the year to the full extent of 120 degrees. It is not the degree of sunshine dependent upon latitude—which it shares with Naples—that causes this alteration of polar Winters and equatorial Summers; but the configuration of the earth at this particular zone, and the aerial currents which bring to it the accumulated climatic influences of the great centres or magazines of heat and cold. The British Isles, also occupying a mid position between these great generators of climate, doubtless owe to similar causes their present exemption from either extreme. There need, at all events, be no calling in of astronomical or cosmical revolutions to explain such phenomena as may be simply due to elevations or depressions which may not have amounted to many thousand feet, yet altering extensively the geographical area above the sea, and involving a corresponding change of direction in the warm oceanic and aerial currents. It must anyhow remain doubtful how far any calculations based upon the maximum ellipticity of the earth's orbit bring round extreme Arctic conditions of our hemisphere in periods of 170,000, 260,000 and 160,000 years, or the like, can throw light upon the dates of the glacial and inter-glacial ages, and by inference upon the antiquity of man as a witness of these mighty changes—a fact set beyond much doubt by the human flint found of late under the glacial clay of the Victoria Cave at Settle.

THE CAPTAIN GENERAL OF CUBA ON AN AMERICAN SHIP.

ON the recent arrival of the United States steamer *Wabash* at Havana, official visits were made by the Spanish-American officers of the most friendly character. Admiral Case, of the *Wabash*, visited the Spanish iron vessel *Aradips*, also the city, and the country-seat of Captain-General Jovellar. The event of the occasion was the visit of the Captain-General to the *Wabash*. He was received at the gangway by Rear-Admiral A. Ludlow Case, Commander-in-Chief of the North Atlantic Fleet, and his staff. All the officers of the ship appeared in full-dress uniform on the quarter-deck. The Marine Guard presented arms as the guest passed aft—the band playing the national Spanish march. An interview of an hour and a half took place in the cabin, during which time champagne flowed freely. The entire ship's company then went to quarters, and the crew were exercised at the guns. Afterwards the Captain-General inspected the ship. The suite included all the subordinates of the local government, and each was richly decorated. After the usual courtesies at the gangway, the distinguished party entered their barge and were rowed towards the shore. As the visitors went over the side of the vessel, the yards were manned and nineteen guns fired while the barge pulled away. The salute was returned from Morro Castle. We give sketches of the most striking incidents of the visit.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE.

SOME time ago Plymouth Church dropped the name of a non-attending member from its rolls. As charges had been made against this member, of an unusual character, involving the reputation of another member, and the pastor of the church, certain persons were disappointed that the matter should have been so easily disposed of; and a few of the other churches began to look about for some means of forcing Plymouth to show cause why the member's name should have been stricken from the roll without an investigation, apparently knowing full well that such proceedings would have caused endless gossip and unpleasant scandal even if all of the said charges proved false. The matter was agitated in these churches, and several propositions made to induce Plymouth Church to join in a public conference, but it refused, and claimed that it was an independent body, and had a right to arrange its affairs in its own way. Meetings were held at Dr. Budington and Storrs's churches in Brooklyn, without any marked success.

On Tuesday, March 24th, a conference met in Dr. Budington's church, with a large attendance, but only 79 of the 3,000 Congregational churches were represented. Plymouth Church was invited to attend the conference before which it was to be tried, but it again refused—on the ground that the council was *ex parte*. We give an illustration of the council in session, with two moderators in the chair, and Dr. Storrs speaking on the floor.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

WAGNER, it is said, will accept the proposition of the Khedive to write an opera for Cairo, on an Egyptian subject.

MRS. ETTA MANNING's dramatic entertainment is announced for Tuesday, April 7th, at Robinson's Hall, with an attractive programme.

THE colored jubilee singers, who went to England some months ago, have sent home \$35,000, and hope to send \$15,000 more in April.

MISS EDITH WYNN, the Welsh "nightingale," is to sail from England for this country on the 11th of April. Boston is her objective point.

"LES DEUX ORPHELINES," the successful French play which the management of the Union Square Theatre has secured the rights of for this country, is to be brought out at the Olympic Theatre, London.

THE Kellogg English Opera Company closes its Fall and Winter season at the Brooklyn Academy on the 28th of March, after four performances in that city, during which Mr. and Mrs. Seguin and Mme. Van Zandt are to receive benefits.

MORE than one hundred performers are on the way hither to join Mr. Barnum's great hippodrome company, and the indefatigable showman has engaged two aerobats, who are to attempt to cross the Atlantic in a balloon next Summer.

THE new opera-bouffe, "Fille de Madame Angot," has been performed every night in Paris for a year, and 15,000 copies of the music have been sold, a success which is unprecedented. "L'Africaine" was the rage of the great city, but only 12,000 copies were sold in twelve years.

THE Grand Opera House in Paris is the finest building of its kind in the world. It was begun by Napoleon, and will probably be finished within a year or eighteen months. The cost of the building and the ground on which it stands will be about forty-six and a half millions of francs, which, at six per cent, would yield nearly three millions a year.

THE "Happy Pair," which had such a surprising run at the St. James's Theatre, London, when first played by Miss Herbert and Mr. William Farren, will be followed by "Delicate Ground," the plot of which is laid at the time of the first French Revolution. "The Area Belle," a farce, overflowing with merriment, will bring the entertainment to a close. Madame de Ryther, the well-known and popular vocalist, will sing, "To Winton," and "Kathleen Mavourneen."

PERSONAL.

BUFFALO BILL has bought a house in Rochester.

SPURGEON has received 13,000 persons into his church in seventeen years.

THE late Lord Mayor of London, Sir Sydney Waterlow, is a practical printer.

A MINNESOTA paper calls Gail Hamilton the Anna Dickinson of literature.

THE Duke Alexis, who used to shoot buffalo out West, has sent a box of books to a Cincinnati society.

THE Union Pacific Road is now in the hands of Jay Gould—he owns 167,000 shares out of 300,000.

CHRISTIAN SHARPE, the inventor of Sharpe's rifle, died at Vernon, Conn., the other day, aged sixty-three.

THE four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Michael Angelo was celebrated in Italy on the 6th of March.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY was recently installed rector of Aberdeen University before an audience of two thousand persons.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON has been appointed Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, to succeed the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli.

ONE of the Duchesses of Edinburgh's handkerchiefs cost \$5,000 and five years of labor, besides the eyesight of the unfortunate workwoman.

MR. CARL SCHURZ is preparing a memorial address to be delivered in the Senate on the day appointed for the usual tributes to a deceased member.

A WESTERN paper proposes for the next National prohibition ticket Van Pelt, of Ohio, for President, and Harry Hill, of New York, for Vice-President.

IT is currently reported in Paris that a New York Judge forbade Lucca's husband, who is in Europe, to marry again, and all the Parisians believe it.

BARNUM is advertising in the London newspapers for estimates for the construction of his transatlantic balloon, which he intends to finish early in the Summer.

MR. GLADSTONE will visit the Holy Land, and on his return he proposes to devote himself to literature, and more particularly to the translation of classical poetry.

CARL ROSA proposes to form a "Peregrina-Scholarship" in this country, the income of which is to be expended in educating American women singers in Italy.

THE author of "Ginx's Baby" has been elected to Parliament, and appointed agent to the Dominion Government for emigration and other purposes, in London.

THURLOW WHEED pays his 1812 pension money to a widow named Mrs. Crean, with whose mother he boarded sixty years ago, while he was learning the printing trade.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT, being asked to attend a Liberal meeting at Bolton, Lancashire, England, wrote: "I dare not venture upon public meetings, and am forced to avoid them."

DANIEL DREW had his name enrolled in February, 1871, as a warrior of 1812, but has not yet drawn a dollar. Unless he appears at the next payment his name is to be dropped from the list.

MR. GEORGE KNOTT, who has been marine editor of the Philadelphia *North American* for sixty years, is eighty-one years old—a tough Knot, but lively as a South American cricket.

AMONG the passengers recently arrived from Germany was Mr. William Francis Charles Schaffenberg, formerly a headman of the King of Prussia. During his career he cut off forty-six heads.

VICTOR HUGO seldom uses his pen. When composing, he paces the floor of his room, sniffing the air like Job's charger, dictating to a secretary sitting at a desk in the corner. He dictates slowly, sentence by sentence.

CAPTAIN JOHN BRAKAS, the first licensed navigator on Lake Superior, and who used to sail the schooner *Astor* for the American Fur Company, was present at a recent old settlers' reunion in Michigan. He is eighty years old.

THE following telegraphic review of Victor Hugo's new novel was forwarded to the author by the Italian poet Boito: "Milan, 22, 1:55 p.m.—To Victor Hugo. I am at the 192d page of the third volume. Glory! Boito."

MR. CHARLES C. LEONARD, author of the sheet iron cat story, and the pioneer in the Danbury *News* style of writing, died at Cleveland a few days since. He was connected with the *Cleveland Leader* and the *Titusville Herald*.

BOSTON is a favorite city for funeral orations. Fisher James performed that service there on Washington; Daniel Webster on Adams and Jefferson; John Quincy Adams on Madison and Monroe; Edward Everett on the younger Adams; Pliny Merrick on Jackson; Rufus Choate on Harrison; Levi Woodbury on Polk; and Josiah Quincy on Taylor.

THE Washington papers say that Grace Greenwood and Sarah Fisher Ames "achieved grand success" with their readings at Lincoln Hall, in that city, recently. The place was crowded as it never was crowded before, and some two hundred left, unable to obtain standing room. The performance naturally divided itself into tragic or grave from the beautiful Mrs. Ames and the comic rendered by Grace Greenwood.

WITHIN five years Senator Sumner gave Harvard College 7,000 pamphlets and over 1,000 volumes. Among his especially valued treasures were the Bible used by Bunyan when he wrote his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," in which is the autograph of Bunyan, while the margin is full of notes, also in his handwriting, and the manuscript poem of Burns's "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled." This was given to Mr. Sumner by a noted Englishman to whom it was presented by Burns. The manuscript is remarkably neat and plain, and is carefully preserved between stiff covers, neatly bound.

AMONG the Unitarian *literati* are Bryant, George William Curtis, Dr. Holmes, Francis Parkman, Motley, Bancroft, Whipple, Howell, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Spofford, Bret Harte, J. T. Trowbridge, James Freeman Clarke, Edward E. Hale, Longfellow, Lowell, Bayard Taylor. The Congregationalists are: Dr. Holland, Lucy Larcom, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Gail Hamilton, Horace E. Scudder, Wendell Phillips, Charles Dudley Warner and Mark Twain. Higginson and Parson are called free-religionists. Emerson and A. Bronson Alcott are transcendentalists; also L. M. Alcott. Epes Sargent and Robert Dale Owen are Spiritualists. E. H. Dana, Jr., John Hay and Harriet Beecher Stowe are Episcopalians, and Whittier is a Quaker.

BEFORE Garibaldi went to Capraia a ship rarely touched at the island, while during the last three years one hundred and fifty steamers have stopped there. Four Neapolitan steamers have been named after him, and since 1871 he has been presented, chiefly by Americans, with agricultural implements of the value of from 14,000 to 16,000 francs. He has also received other presents, of money and jewelry, worth about 1,000,000 francs, but he has returned them. Garibaldi is honorary citizen of ninety towns, villages and districts, and honorary president of one hundred and twenty societies; he has twenty-one swords of honor, eleven of which have been sent him from abroad, and since 1871 he has received upwards of 5,000 addresses of sympathy from various quarters. The island of Capraia brings him a net income of about 3,000 francs.

THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE, AND ITS CHIEF.

SUMNER J. KIMBALL, Chief of the United States Revenue Marine, and the Life-saving Service, was born in Lebanon, York County, Me., September 2d, 1834. In 1859 he was elected to the State Legislature, and, although he was the youngest member of the House, took high rank, serving upon the Judiciary Committee.

Soon after the commencement of the war he went to Washington, with the expectation of entering the navy, but being offered a position in the office of the Second Auditor of the Treasury Department, he

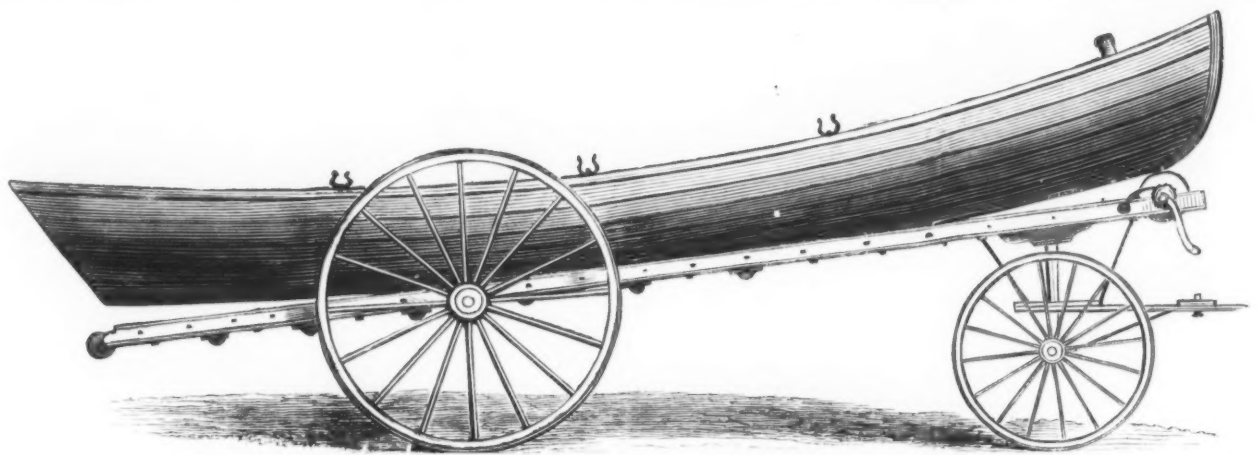


LIFE-SAVING STATION AT LONG BRANCH.

accepted it. In this bureau he was rapidly promoted, until he was finally made Chief Clerk, which position he continued to hold until February, 1870, when he was invited by Secretary Boutwell to take charge of the Revenue Marine and the Life-saving Service. On entering upon the discharge of the duties newly assigned him, Mr. Kimball found both the Revenue Marine and the Life-saving Service in a disorganized and inefficient condition, and at once applied himself to their improvement.

THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE

at that time consisted of a few dilapidated houses upon the coasts of Long Island and New Jersey, containing a very meagre supply of apparatus, much of which had become useless from neglect and abuse. The service was without organization, regulations for its government had never been made, and the Department was without a record of its doings. During the previous Winter several wrecks had occurred upon these coasts, in the immediate vicinity of the stations, which had been attended with disastrous loss of life. Congress having made a suitable appropriation, Mr. Kimball determined to place this service upon a systematic footing. Several new stations were erected upon the coasts above-named; and he enlarged and improved the old ones, supplied them with suitable apparatus, and organized a force for their proper management. The next year an appropriation was made for Cape Cod, and he extended the service to that coast. The benefits of the system soon became apparent, and its success has been such, that at its last session Congress authorized its extension to the coasts of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Virginia and North Carolina, and directed the Secretary of the Treasury to ascertain and report to the next Congress at what other points upon



NEW SURF-BOAT AND WAGON OF THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

Captains Faunce and Merryman, of the Revenue Marine, made the survey, and submitted a succinct report.

The perfection to which this service has been brought can be no better illustrated than by the fact that, out of forty-eight wrecks which have occurred since Mr. Kimball took charge of it, not a life has been lost on the coasts where stations have been established, with a single exception, in which case one of the crew of a vessel perished in the rigging before the wreck was discovered.

The number of life-saving stations now erected

district, whenever Congress shall authorize the establishment of stations thereon.

The following estimates are given of the annual expense of maintaining new stations, if established in accordance with Mr. Kimball's report: Atlantic Coast, eight stations, \$12,872; Florida Coast, five houses of refuge, \$4,000; Pacific Coast, seven life-boat stations, \$42,800; Lake Coasts, thirty stations, \$20,256; making a total— with contingent expenses for all, of \$6,000—of \$47,408.

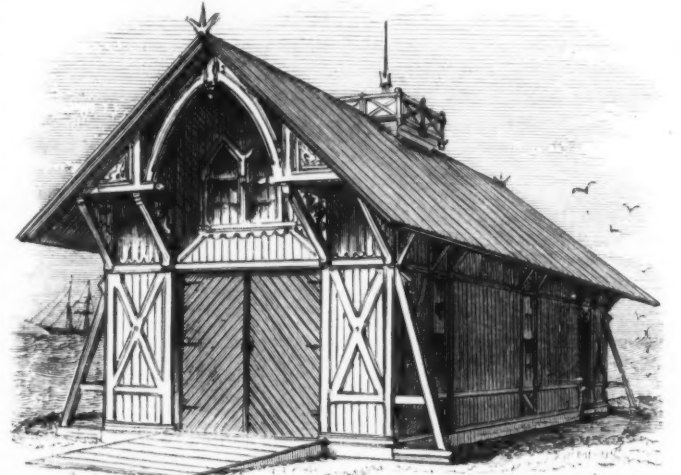
Records, that are unfortunately incomplete, show that during the last ten years 4,527 vessels were wrecked on the Lakes; 1,341 lives lost; and property sunk to the amount of \$27,370,062.23. A system has been inaugurated by which returns of all marine disasters may hereafter be secured.

The estimated cost of a life-saving station, complete, is as follows:

Station-house.....	\$2,500 00
Mortar and balls.....	147 15
Hawsers, lines, and chandlery.....	525 00
Bedding, cots, etc.....	175 00
Stoves and furniture of same.....	70 00
Surf-boat furnished.....	250 00
Life-car.....	400 00
Boat-carriage and hand-cart.....	250 00
Signal apparatus, lanterns, etc.....	50 00
Rocket apparatus with line rockets.....	635 00
Other equipments, freights, and incidental expenses.....	300 00
Total.....	\$5,302 15

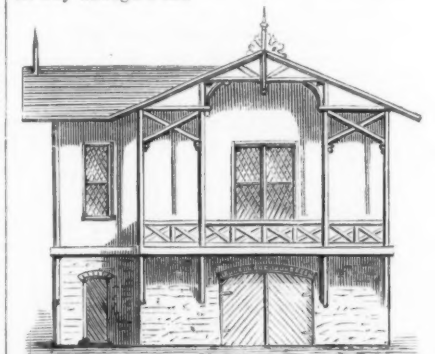
THE ILLUSTRATIONS

represent the Life-saving Station recently erected at Long Branch; that built at Narragansett Pier, upon ground donated by Senator Sprague; and a specimen of the stations in course of construction on the coast of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Virginia and North Carolina; the improved life-car, and the new surf-boat and boat-wagon.



SPECIMEN OF LIFE-SAVING SIGNAL STATIONS.

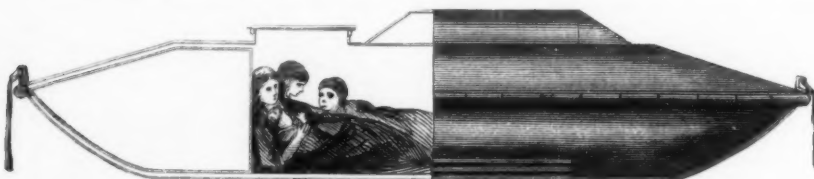
deep are often filled with hard particles of snow, which pack like salt, and oftentimes the mass can scarcely be removed with picks and shovels. We give sketches of a relief train, and of a mining train forcing its way through a cut.



LIFE-SAVING STATION AT NARRAGANSETT, R. I.

"LOHENGRIN," THE NEW OPERA.

CONTRARY to the predictions of anti-Wagner critics, Wagner's opera, "Lohengrin," drew a large and enthusiastic audience at its first production in the Academy of Music, on Monday evening,



IMPROVED SAFETY CAR—SECTIONAL VIEW.

THE SEA AND LAKE COASTS

the establishment of stations were desirable. Mr. Kimball was appointed Chairman of the Commission to obtain the required information, and, with

Quoddy Head, White Head Island and the Pool (Saco Bay,) in Maine; Rye Beach, N. H.; Plum Island, Gurnet Point, Manomet and Nantucket, Mass.; and Little Kinnakeet and Trent Woods, in North Carolina. The apparatus and furniture are provided for these stations, but they have not yet been occupied, because Congress has made no provision for the employment of superintendents and keepers for them; nor have they been assigned to any district.

Next Autumn these stations, and twelve more now in process of construction, will be in operation.

THE STATIONS

now being built are located, one at Cross Island and one at Browney's Island, in Maine; one at Davis's Neck (Cape Ann,) Mass.; one at Block Island, R. I.; one at Cape Henry, Va.; and at Dan Neck Mills, False Cape, Jones's Hill, Caffrey's Inlet, Kitty Hawk's Beach, Nag's Head and Chicamacomico, in North Carolina.

The erection of these stations will necessitate a re-distribution of the service. It is probable that the stations between the St. Croix River and the Merrimac will constitute the first district; those stations in the State of Massachusetts the second; those upon the coasts of Rhode Island and Long Island the third; those upon the coast of New Jersey the fourth; and those upon the coast between Cape Henry and Cape Hatteras the sixth; leaving the coast between Delaware Bay and the Chesapeake for the fifth



THE GREAT SNOW-STORM ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILWAY.—MINERS' TRAIN PASSING THROUGH A CUT IN A SNOW-DRIFT.—FROM A PHOTO. BY THOMAS HOMESWORTH & CO., SAN FRANCISCO.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

SNOW BLOCKADE IN THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS.

THE snow-storms in the Sierra Nevada Mountains have been unusually severe this Winter. In the neighborhood of Blue Cañon, Truckee and Alta the snow had packed in the cuts until snow-plows were unable to push through. In Utah, be-



THE GREAT SNOW-STORM ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILWAY.—A RELIEF TRAIN GOING TO THE DRIFTS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS HOMESWORTH & CO., SAN FRANCISCO.

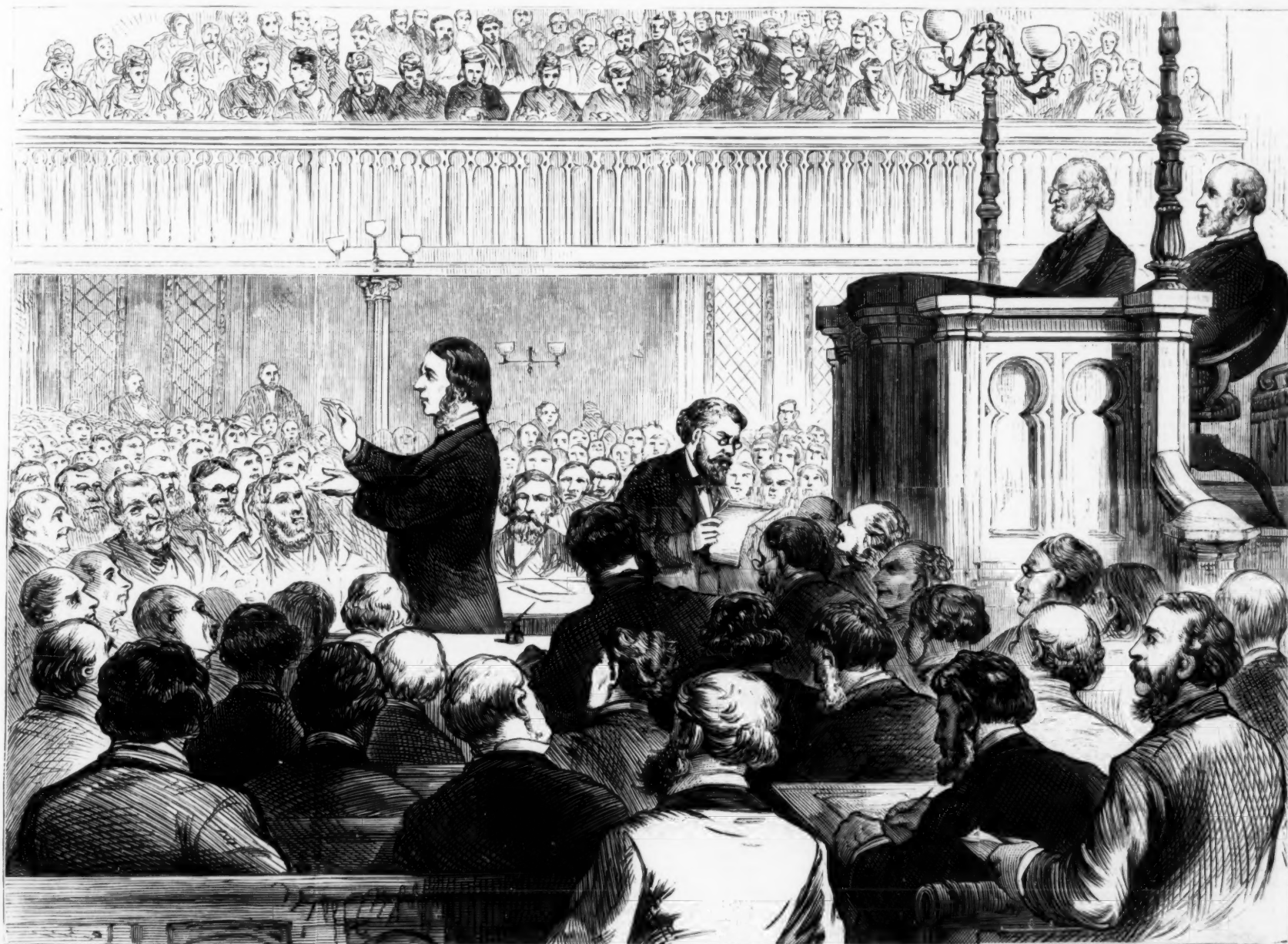
tween Provo and Coalville, immense snow-slides buried teams and men who were passing. The heaviest storms have been on the Central Pacific west of Ogden, especially between Sacramento and Truckee. Huge plows were propelled with seven powerful locomotives, and even then it was impossible to keep the road clear so that freight trains

March 23d. Even the top circle was packed, and a more attentive and interested company of listeners has not been seen at any former opera in the city.

Wagner composed "Lohengrin" twenty-six years ago, but it was not brought out in Europe until ten years later. As it belongs to the highest class of music, and is in advance of the old Italian school



"LOHENGRIK," WAGNER'S OPERA, AS REPRESENTED AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK. —THE APPEARANCE OF LOHENGRIK TO ELSA, ON THE BANKS OF THE SCHELDT—ACT I.



THE CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL IN DOCTOR BUDINGTON'S CHURCH, CLINTON AVENUE, BROOKLYN.—TRIAL OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH FOR ITS SECESSION—REV. DOCTOR STORRS SPEAKING IN RELATION TO THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.—SEE PAGE 75.

the managers were afraid to venture with it. Finally it was produced under the direction of Liszt, an ardent friend and admirer of Wagner.

The opera is intensely dramatic, and it overflows with poetry and life. At the Academy there were eighty singers, and seventy performers in the orchestra. The music is of the Beethoven school, and the entire opera may be called one grand connected melody, or musical novel—whereas an ordinary Italian opera consists of several brilliant and difficult airs connected by unmeaning recitations, and Wagner claims that none of them express the sentiment of the story for which they were written. His idea is to represent sorrow with sorrowful music, joy with joyful music, ecstasy with ecstatic sounds, etc., and to have neither orchestra nor singers monopolize the score to the detriment of the natural harmony of the various parts.

Lohengrin (Campanini) is a spiritual knight in charge of the cup of the Holy Grail. He appears to the beautiful *Elsa* (Nilsson) in a dream, and they love each other. Meanwhile her brother is transformed into a swan, and made to draw *Lohengrin's* boat, by her enemy, *Ortrud* (Miss Cary) a sorceress and wife of a pretender to the throne which rightfully belongs to *Elsa*. On the banks of the River Scheldt, in Antwerp, she is accused of killing her brother by her rival, King Henry, of Germany, decides that if any one will espouse her cause and fight *Ortrud's* husband, innocence will be the side of the victor. She has no knight, and her enemies scoff at her. Then she kneels in prayer and pours out her soul to God. At the last moment, when the sorceress is sure of triumph, a heavenly music, as soft as the strains of a wind-harp, fills the air, and the knight of the Holy Grail appears in a boat drawn by a single swan. The King and his followers utter cries of astonishment, and *Elsa* (Nilsson) rushes into the arms of the knight.

Our illustration represents this scene—last scene in the first act—and it probably has no equal in any opera.

The stage scenery and all of the costumes are magnificent. Campanini (*Lohengrin*) is clad in shining armor, and one could easily imagine that he had just come from paradise.

SCULPTURED STONES.

SOME REMARKABLE SPECIMENS.

FAR back into the world's history, the relation of the serpent to sculptured or engraved stones carries us, and reveals to us the reptile as still the object of veneration, if not of adoration, among wholly remote nations. If we search among the tombs of Egypt, Assyria and Etruria, we shall find innumerable signets, cylinders, and scarabei of gems engraved with serpents. These were probably worn as amulets, or used as insignia of authority; and in the temples and tombs of these and other countries serpents are engraved, or sculptured, or painted, either as hieroglyphics, or as forming symbolical ornaments of deities or geni. In India, as before mentioned, they are sculptured twining round all the gods of the cave temples. In Norway and Scotland they are engraved on the stones which, according to Fergusson, mark the graves of kings and heroes; and the oldest of the Scandinavian runes are written within the folds of serpents engraved on stones. In those mysterious erections of unknown use and date called the Torre dei Giganti, in Malta, the only representation of animal life is a sculptured serpent on a stone near the entrance of an inner chamber. In Peru, the unfortunate Inca appointed to meet Pizarro in one of the large stone buildings in Caxamalca, called the House of the Serpent, from a serpent sculptured on its walls, and which he probably vainly imagined would on that account prove a sacred and inviolable refuge. The sculptured snakes of Greece and Rome are numerous. They may be seen twining round the rod of Mercury; forming the necklace of Minerva, and hissing round the Gorgon's head on her shield; representing the hair of the Furies, and of the three-headed monster Cerberus; wreathing in their deadly folds Laocoon and his sons; or writhing and quivering beneath the arrows of Apollo or the club of Hercules. In all these varied forms some one of the attributes of the serpent was symbolized. He is the messenger of fate to Laocoon; the symbol of vengeful power in the Furies and Gorgons; the emblem of evil in the Hydra and Python; of knowledge and power in Minerva and Mercury; the guardian of Hades in Cerberus. In the sculptured stones of the North he would seem to have had simply the character of a sacred guardian. Owen says: "It was remarkable that where the figure of two serpents was erected in a place, that place was looked upon as consecrated." And again: "In Calicut the dragon was made guardian of houses and temples, and all their treasures." Thus, probably, the dragons sculptured on tombs were so placed as a sacred seal to prevent the sacrilegious spoliation of the dead, who were frequently buried in costly ornaments. Of this character was, no doubt, the dragon on the tomb of King Gorm, in Jutland, to which Fergusson assigns the date of A. D. 950, where was found a silver goblet lined with gold, and ornamented with interlaced dragons, and also tortoise-shaped fibule, with fantastic heads of animals; and the one in Scania, beneath which treasure was found by the Northmen in 1152. Among famous engraved stones must be noted the Emperor of China's seal. This seal is eight inches square, of jasper, and was taken out of the mountain called the Mountain of the Agate Seal, regarding which many fables are told. It is said that the Fonghoang (which is the Chinese phoenix) appeared on this mountain and rested upon an unheaven stone, and that a skillful lapidary, having broken it into pieces, found this famous stone, of which the seal of the Empire is made. The Fonghoang is the Bird of Prosperity, and the forerunner of the Golden Age.

A LITTLE AMATEUR PROPHECY.

THE man who predicted, a year or two in advance of the event, that Horace Greeley would run for President in '72, is at it again. He writes to the *Cincinnati Commercial*: "In two years from this time Ben Butler will be running for the Presidency. He will be the noninee of labor, the candidate of the uprising working-men, and will be supported by internationalists, communists, trades-unions, strikers and all the revolutionary elements. He will go for the right of farmers and industrial workers. He will oppose domineering capital and the pretensions of oppressive corporations. He will scorn the newspapers, which are the organs of monopoly and capital, and which support the interests of those enemies of the people. "He will be the Mirabeau of the new movement, and will make the hair of cowards to stand on end. I don't suppose you have forgotten that both Ben Butler and Wendell Phillips, in public speeches that they delivered two years ago, expressed their admiration for and sympathy with the Paris Commune, and that both of them have indorsed the principles of the International Workingmen's Association. It is not everybody who knows how Butler is now looked

upon by the working-classes in other places besides Massachusetts, and few are aware that he has put himself in communication with their societies in many parts of the country. Be prepared to be surprised, as the French say, when Ben Butler takes the field."

FUN.

ALL the rage in Washington—Jayne Ire.

A St. Louis woman has lately ordered, among other "figgers" from Rome, "One marble figger of Apollor."

A Western Granger has written to his Representative for some Mardi Gras seed, and he will have it, he says, franking or no franking.

A DEFEATED candidate was asked how he felt. "Well," said he, "pretty much as Lazarus did." "How is that?" "Why, Lazarus was licked by dogs, and so was I."

AFTER asking your name in the State of Arkansas, the natives are in the habit of inquiring, in a confidential tone: "Well, now, what was yer name afore yer moved to these parts?"

TWO DRACONS once disputing about a proposed new graveyard, one remarked: "I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live!" "What an obstinate man!" said the other. "If my life is spared I will!"

THE parents of a young man who was killed at Columbia have placed a monument over his remains with this inscription: "Escaped the bullets of the enemy to be assassinated by a cowardly pup—a kind husband, an affectionate father."

A NEWLY MARRIED lady hid a toy snake in her husband's boots. The husband, on discovering the reptile, first took a critical look at himself in the mirror, and then, going to a closet, seized his demijohn, and threw it far out into a neighboring pond.

SPEAKING of the half-naked statue of Washington, which cost \$50,000, in the East Capitol Park, D. C., Grace Greenwood says that his outstretched arm points reproachfully towards those glass cases in the Patent Office, where hang his much desired habiliments.

A NAUGHTY little boy, blubbering because his mother wouldn't let him go down to the river on the Sabbath, upon being admonished, said: "I didn't want to go a-swimmin' with 'em, ma. I only wanted to go down to see the bad little boys drown for going in a-swimmin' on a Sunday."

SHE wore a red bombazine dress, ruffled with point alpaca, and an over-skirt of rose gingham with a border of parsley blossoms. Her *tournure* was particularly noticeable from the fact that her hair was so deliciously scrambled in front. She also wore No. 6 lilac double-button gloves, and No. 4 store-shoes slashed at the heels.

A CLIENT called on Mr. Webster to employ him to argue a cause of importance. Mr. Webster asked who was engaged on the other side, and the client answered: "A sleepy-looking lawyer, named Wood." "Well," Mr. Webster replied, "if George Wood is employed against you and is asleep, be very careful not to wake him up."

CITIZEN: "Well, you see how it is yourself, Mr. Plumber. The girl left the laundry-room window open, thermometer touched zero, water-pipe froze, then burst; and as no one knew how to shut off the plaguy thing, the water ran half the night." PLUMBER: "Yes, I see; very bad break; wants new plumbing throughout; wonder it didn't happen long ago." CITIZEN: "How much is it going to cost to plumb up in good shape, including tenders?" PLUMBER: "Well, I don't know, but I think I will take the house in part payment."

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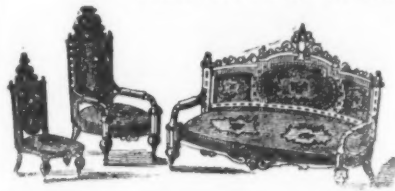
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